AN EASY WAY TO EARN £100. (SEE PAGE 715.)

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 366. FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 4TH, 1896. [ONE PENNY.

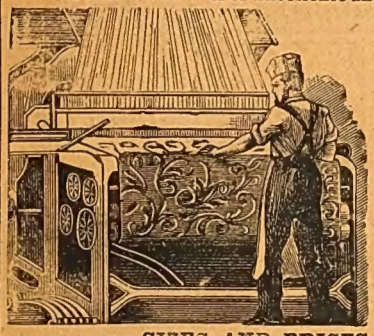
BE SURE TO KEEP IT WELL

WONDERFUL BARGAINS!

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICES OF OUR WORLD-RENOWNED

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS.

ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. Seamless, Woven, and Reversible, Rich Turkey Patterns and Colourings, Superior Quality, with Handsome Border to match, a Marvel of Excellence and Beauty.



These Carpets are splendid imitations of Real Brussels Carpets, the designs having been carefully copied from the originals, both as regards colourings and patterns, so that when in use it is almost impossible, except by close scrutiny, to detect the difference. They have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and utility, having no equal. All designs are registered and deservedly considered works of art.

SIZES AND PRICES.

	ft. in.		ft. in.	Sale Price. s. d.	Former Price. s. d.
No. 1	9 0	by	6 0	5 6	9 0
,, 2	9 0	,,	7 6	7 0	11 0
,, 3	9 0	,,	9 0	8 6	13 6
,, 4	10 6	,,	7 6	8 9	13 9
,, 5	10 6	,,	9 0	10 0	15 6
,, 6	12 0	,,	9 0	11 6	18 0
,, 7	10 6	,,	10 6	12 0	18 6
,, 8	12 0	,,	10 6	13 6	20 6
No. 9	15 0	by	9 0	14 3	22 6
,, 10	13 6	,,	10 6	15 3	24 0
,, 11	12 0	,,	12 0	15 3	24 0
,, 12	13 6	,,	12 0	17 0	27 0
,, 13	15 0	,,	12 0	19 0	32 0
,, 14	18 0	,,	12 0	22 9	36 0
,, 15	21 0	,,	12 0	26 0	42 0

GIVEN AWAY.

As an advertisement for the introduction of these goods to all readers of *Short Stories*, we have decided to give away to every purchaser of the above goods, enclosing cutting from this advertisement, a very handsomely woven Hearthrug, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide, to match carpets in colours, &c.

Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Orders received.

Temple Street, Sidmouth.
Mr. Jas. Hooke writes: "I have had one of your Brusselette Carpets before, and I must say they are very good value. Please send on above goods quickly as possible."

Hurst Wood, near Maidstone.
Mrs. Thatcher writes: "Sir, please to send me two Carpets and two Rugs. I had two from you three years ago, and they have given great satisfaction."

All goods despatched same day as order received. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED. Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to J. HARGREAVES, *Esq.*, and crossed "Union Bank." Established upwards of Twenty-five Years. *Address*—

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FRY'S
Pure Concentrated
COCOA

Highest Honours, Chicago, 1893. | Over 100 Prize Medals and Diplomas.

Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA *to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.*

"THE NIMBLE 9D."

Great Reduction in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD

TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted, and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincs., made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed. These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are 25 per cent. less than our recently advertised prices.*

No. 1—Single Bed, Bolster and Pillow, 6ft. 3in. by 3ft. 6in., weighing 40lbs. **30/-**

No. 2—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weighing 50lbs. **37/6**

No. 3—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weighing 55lbs. **41/3**

No. 4—Extra Size Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 5ft., weighing 65lbs. **48/9**

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid*, to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY 9d. PER LB. The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, etc., which will be sent *Post Free* and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds. *Please mention this paper.*

S. S. NEWHAM & CO., Boston, Lincolnshire.

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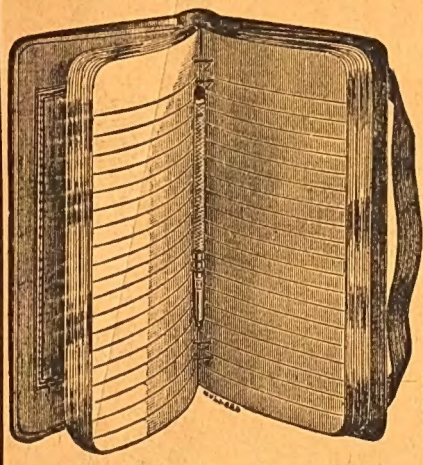
"AYE, READY!" NOTE-BOOK.

WITH PATENT "SELF-REGISTER."



THE HANDIEST AND THE BEST. THE SIMPLEST AND THE CHEAPEST.

As will be seen from the Illustration, this Note-Book has a hollow "rest" cut into the back, into which the Pencil falls and is securely held, while by means of an ingenious contrivance called a "Self-Register," the person using the Book can at once open it where he was last writing. A reference to any page in the front, the middle, or the end is also materially assisted by the "Self-Register."

In Leather Bindings, Round Corners, Gilt Edges, from 1s. upwards, or with Re-fills from 3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.

WM. COLLINS, SONS & CO., LIMITED,
Bridewell Place, London, E.C.;
139, Stirling Road, Glasgow.

MRS. JACKSON

An artist's wife, residing at Norton, near Malton, states: "I am deeply grateful to you for the good received through taking your Wind Pills. I suffered severely from

INDIGESTION, SPASMS,

and **LIVER COMPLAINT**. The doctors gave me up as incurable, nor did I think it possible for me to recover. I scarcely dared to eat any food, fearing suffocation. Seeing an advertisement of

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I resolved to try them. After taking a few small boxes I lost all the painful symptoms, and now enjoy good health. Publish my statement as you please."

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☞ The Wind Pills being purely Vegetable, Tasteless, and Mild, and Tonic in their action, may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate of either sex.

Of all Medicine Vendors, at **1s. 1½d.** and **2s. 9d.** Post Free for P.O. or Stamps from

PAGE WOODCOCK, LINCOLN.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address, H. CLIFTON, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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£20 See Illus. Guide and Catalogue (259 pages), 3d. "How to Open a Cigar Stores, from £20 to £2,000." TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 186, Euston Road, London. (Over 50 years' reputation.) Manager, H. MYERS.

S.S. S.S.
PEARSON'S
£100
COUPON.
No. 1
JAN. 4, 1896.
S.S. S.S.

HAIR DESTROYED.

A doctor's widow knows of a simple, inexpensive remedy that permanently destroys the roots, and will forward particulars free to all those afflicted sending stamped envelope. Address Mrs. B. D. WOOD, 4, DUKE STREET, VILLIERS STREET, LONDON, W.

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If so, wear the "*A D*" Invisible Elevators (Regd.). Will increase your height up to four inches; the only approved means; detection impossible; simple, inexpensive. Send stamped envelope for particulars to the ORIENTAL TOILET CO. (B 5 Dept.), 87, Strand, London.

JANUARY 2... £8 per cent.
Feb. 1... 6 " "
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Total for 12 months ...£92 per cent.

An average of nearly £8 per cent. per month.

IF interested in how a LEGITIMATE investment, WITHOUT SPECULATION, can be made to yield this return, write for our Illustrated Manual, post free. We have not a dissatisfied client, no money has ever been lost, and £5 and upwards may be invested. Cheques for profits mailed promptly 1st of each month. DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD & WILLIAMS, 5, Copthall Buildings, Copthall Avenue, E.C., London, and 11, Place de la Bourse, 11, Paris.

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Permanently cured. A Pamphlet giving sound practical advice and particulars of a successful treatment for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home-cure, forwarded free to all upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Prof. B. L. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London.

HAIR DESTROYED

permanently and absolutely by an entirely new and harmless self-treatment, total destruction guaranteed. Particulars free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Prof. F.T. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London.

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Dr. Grey's **FAT REDUCING** Pills.

A safe, rapid, and permanent reduction and improvement in health and **breathing** guaranteed. A special preparation kept for stubborn cases (either sex) which have resisted other treatment.

ABDOMINAL OBESITY A SPECIALTY.

2/9 and 4/6 per box, plain wrapper, post free to all parts. Dr. O. GREY, 57, Weymouth St., Portland Pl., London, W.

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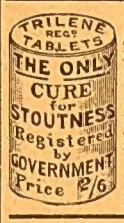
CURED INSTANTLY BY

BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay. Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented. Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains Removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.



ALL FAT PEOPLE

Readily **Reduce Weight** and **Cure Corpulency Permanently** by taking **TRILENE TABLETS** (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are very agreeable, harmless, and never fail to PRESERVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of diet. **Reduction begins immediately.**

An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2/6 to THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, **Pinsbury Pavement, London, E.C.**

VIOLIN STRINGS.

4 Best "E's" (samples) 9d., post free.

S. S. CARY, NEWBURY.

DEAFNESS,

HEAD NOISES, etc., ABSOLUTELY CURED in 24 hours, by using one bottle of "Auraline Essence," the Great Indian Discovery. Millions of sufferers cured after all else had failed. Many testimonials. Why remain deaf when a cure awaits you? Send 2/9 to the MACKAY REMEDY CO., 104, High Holborn, London.

HAIR DESTROYED.

A lady who has permanently destroyed Superfluous Hairs on herself, will be happy to forward free, to all similarly afflicted, full particulars of a simple, inexpensive and harmless self-treatment. Send stamped addressed envelope in confidence to Mrs. "T. D.," 87, Strand, London.

SHORT STORIES.

EDITED BY

C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

No. 366.] [ONE PENNY.

For the Week ending January 4th, 1896.

THE ROMANCE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE. WARM SPRING ADVENTURE. HUMOUR. PATHOS.

HER MILLINER'S BILL.

If ever a man ought to have married money it was Charlie Lorrimer. Brought up in good style, the death of his father just before he, Charlie, came of age, revealed to him the unpleasant fact that instead of being in receipt of a good income, all that he had coming to him was a few hundreds a year; quite enough, of course, for many men to enjoy life comfortably upon, but not so to one who had been accustomed to have his every whim gratified without considering the cost.

Through influence, a post under Government was in due course obtained for him, and if he had been content to remain single, as hundreds of other young men similarly situated would have done, he could have been exceedingly comfortable, seeing that he had the *entrée* of some of the best society in town.

He was an extremely good-looking young man, of undeniably pleasing manners; still, girls are more sensible, or more mercenary, whichever you like to call it, nowadays than they were formerly, and do not give their mothers and chaperons so much trouble in the way of forming undesirable attachments as they used to, I fancy.

Hence it came about that as Charlie Lorrimer had the good sense not to pay marked attention to any young lady individually in the particular set in which he moved, he was regarded as harmless enough. It is true there had been something between him and a certain Miss Diana Carew, a lady several years his senior, the daughter of a rich foxhunting baronet whose property adjoined the Lorrimer's.

She was a lady who, if report spoke truly, was not only one of the best horsewomen in the county (a fact which was universally admitted on all sides), but just a wee bit fast as well; preferring to make her bets in coin of the realm rather than orthodox boxes of gloves, and not disdaining to take a hand at a card party where the smallness of the stakes was *not* a prominent feature.

Whether there had ever been more than a flirtation between them, or whether he or she were to blame, is a matter of uncertainty.

At any rate, before Charlie Lorrimer's bad luck came upon him, a coolness had sprung up between them, and Society was startled one day by the

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announcement that Miss Carew was engaged to Lord Duncombe, a middle-aged peer who did not enjoy the best of reputations.

In course of time they were duly married: the alliance, as people had predicted, proving anything but a happy one for the lady, her spouse speedily dissipating her ample fortune, and finally, finding England too hot for him, betaking himself somewhere abroad.

Possibly it was from being unsuccessful in his first effort that made people set Mr. Lorrimer down as a confirmed bachelor, but to everybody's surprise he quietly announced one day, when he had just entered his twenty-eighth year, and ought to have known better, as his friends said, that he was going to get married; and, what was in their eyes still more discreditable, to a girl without a penny—a clergyman's daughter from a remote parish down in the west of England.

His friends could not help admiring his choice, a handsome specimen of English girlhood; but so for the matter of that was Miss Bungleigh, the rich brewer's daughter, who had unmistakably set her cap at him, and would have jumped at the chance of marrying him, and brought him a fortune into the bargain.

In due course the wedding came off, very quietly, down in Devonshire, and the happy couple, after the usual Continental honeymoon, set up housekeeping in a very pretty flat in West Kensington.

For a time all went well; he was not continually going to his club, and she, charmed with the novelty of life in London, after the dull quiet of the country, was perfectly happy and contented; but after a while the desire seized her to extend their somewhat small circle of acquaintances, and she began to rally her husband on not taking her about more, and introducing her into the set in which he had moved before they were married.

At the same time she had by degrees developed a somewhat expensive taste in the matter of dress, and her milliner's bills had more than once given her husband a severe shock, and he had hinted as much to her on one or two occasions.

Things had been going on in this way for upwards of a twelvemonth, and a certain amount of estrangement had grown up between them. The sweet girlish maiden became somewhat snappy at times, and he in consequence had recourse to the pleasures of his club more regularly than she altogether approved of.

One day things came to a climax; the dinner had not been quite what it should be. Mrs. Lorrimer did not, as a rule, keep her servants very long, and cook was under notice to leave, so that when the trim parlour-maid had brought in the coffee, the storm broke.

"I was looking for some stationery in your escritoire this morning, Charles, and I came across some letters signed Diana Carew. You never mentioned her name to me, I think."

"Didn't I, dear? Oh, she was an old flame of mine; used to live next to our place in Loamshire; a very jolly girl she was, too."

"And what became of her, may I ask?"

"Got married."

"To whom?"

"Oh, a fellow who was no good, Lord Duncombe; ran through her money in no time, and then bolted."

"I wonder you never thought it worth while to mention her name to me, Charles."

"Oh, it was all over years before I knew you. I quite forgot I had any of her letters still by me; they were all very matter-of-fact, if I remember right," he went on in as airy a tone of voice as he could command.

"I see she used to address you as 'Dear Charlie,' so you must have been pretty intimate?"

"Oh, that's nothing; we were brought up together, you know—oh, by the way, Hilda, I have an invitation for a hop at the Laces' next week."

"I am glad to see that some of your old friends are beginning to recognise my existence, and that reminds me, Charlie, I want some money. I have ordered a new dress at Madame Elysée's, and I want to pay her account. She does charge awfully."

"All right, my dear, you can have a tenner," said Charlie, thankful at the turn the conversation had taken.

"If you mean ten pounds, Charles, all I have to say is that that will be no good at all; this dress I have just ordered will be £10 10s. at least, and I fancy my account must already be nearer £60 than £50; you don't want me to go about like an old frump, I suppose?"

Her husband lit a cigarette before replying. "I am afraid £15 is the very most I can spare you—you see, my dear, we are living in a rather more expensive style than my income justifies, and £70 for dress."

"I beg your pardon, I said about £60."

"Yes, and then this new one which is going to cost £10 10s., you say?"

"Oh, she can wait for that."

"Yes, but it must be paid sometime, I suppose; I have meant to speak to you about your dress expenditure for some time. Your mother told me before we were married that if I allowed you £30 a year I should be doing——"

"Oh, mamma doesn't know what things cost in London; it is for your sake more than my own I dress well. You always say how necessary it is to study appearances."

"Well, it is no use arguing about it; all the money I have at my disposal until the end of the quarter is less than £50, and I cannot possible spare you more than £15."

"I wonder what your cigar bill comes to in the year?"

"I can easily tell you; for months past I have almost always smoked a pipe."

After a few more controversial remarks the lady retired with as much dignity as she could command.

"I wonder," thought Mr. Lorrimer to himself, "whether there was anything very compromising in those letters. Poor Di, she was a good sort. It is not quite the thing to do to dun a lady for a debt, but I know she would have paid up long ago if she had ever thought of it. It's lucky Hilda did not see it, though. Perhaps she did, and did not understand what it meant."

A minute later Mr. Lorrimer had opened the drawer from which his wife had a few hours ago unearthed the bundle of letters from Miss Carew.

"Ah! here it is," as he picked up an envelope in which was contained a half-sheet of note-paper bearing the words in a bold handwriting, "I.O.U. £100, Diana Carew, July 3rd., 1887."

"Now, what's to be done? If I drop her a line she will reply by return, but Hilda would know the writing at a glance, and that would never do. If I go and call, some good-natured friend would be sure to tell Hilda, which would be worse still. Hold on. Yes—the very thing—I'll do it, too."

The subject of finance was not again referred to between them that evening, but the following afternoon, on his return from the F.O, Mr. Lorrimer saw unmistakable signs of a storm brewing on his wife's face, and

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was not long in being enlightened as to the cause of her displeasure.

"I went about that new dress to-day, and the way in which people go on in London is really quite incomprehensible. Having been brought up in the country, my education in certain social matters may have been neglected, but I certainly should not expect a gentleman holding any sort of position in the country to take off his hat to a milliner, and in her own shop, too."

"And do they in London?"

"Why, the men who go to this Madame Elysée's not only take off their hats to her, but her customers chat away to her as if they were on grounds of perfect equality."

"And she isn't a particularly pretty woman either."

"Pretty, indeed—as if that ought to make any difference—why, she is as ugly as sin, and will never see forty again."

"Are you quite sure? She is a very quiet, unassuming woman."

"Oh, you know her, then?"

"And if her customers like to make themselves agreeable to her," he continued, ignoring her question, "from what you tell me of the class of people you see there, it is, you may depend upon it, the correct thing to do, and you'd better do the same. I have told you how my account stands at my bankers; you had better be civil to her until you can afford to be independent, I think."

"I shall most certainly give her a piece of my mind if she attempts any familiarities with me."

"You must please yourself, my dear."

"I mean to," was the reply.

The opportunity was not long in coming. On Mrs. Lorrimer's next visit to the Bond Street emporium she found the proprietress engaged in affable conversation with a well-known M.P. and his wife.

An assistant came forward to attend to her, and before she had concluded the mysterious operation of "fitting," Madame had taken leave of her friends, the gentleman courteously taking off his hat as he wished her good-bye, and she came forward to Mrs. Lorrimer to express a hope that everything was satisfactory.

"As satisfactory as can be expected, I suppose."

"I don't understand you, madam. I am very sorry if you have any cause for complaint."

"I had been recommended to you as a person who gave individual attention to her customers, instead of which I find myself invariably waited upon by one or other of your assistants."

"I cannot possibly be everywhere, madam, and all my helpers are thoroughly qualified to execute orders and attend to customers, even more so than I am, probably."

This was said in a quiet, ladylike tone of voice, although the speaker, a plain, middle-aged woman, looked as if she could on occasion bandy sharp words with anybody.

"When I come to a shop, I expect to be attended to by the principal."

"Very well then, madam, it will be best for us to sever our connection; I will send in my account shortly."

"Send it in at once by all means."

Mr. Lorrimer was agreeably surprised when he next saw his wife to find her in a very good temper.

"I told you I should give that milliner woman a bit of my mind."

"And you have?"

"Yes, I have; I told her to send her account in as soon as she liked."

"And if she takes you at your word?"

"You will have to pay it."

"I have told you I can't, that is, not at present; I might in one way, though," speaking as if he had suddenly remembered something.

"I don't care how you do it as long as she is paid. What do you mean to do, borrow it?"

"No; in going through some papers in that drawer in which you you found Miss Carew's letters, I came across an I.O.U. for £100, and of course I could get that by asking for it."

"A hundred pounds owing to you and you complain of being short of money? Really, Charlie, you are altogether incomprehensible."

"You see, my dear, this money is owing to me by a lady."

"I don't see that matters much. Not a lady of rank, I suppose?"

"She is, as it happens."

"Oh! isn't it rather a strange thing for ladies to incur debts to gentlemen?"

"I thought you might think so, but then this isn't exactly a debt."

"What on earth is it, then?"

"A sum I won at cards some years ago now, and I imagine the fact must have escaped the lady's memory, otherwise I am sure she would have sent me a cheque long since."

"All the more reason you should remind her. I would do anything rather than be under an obligation to that Bond Street woman."

"If I get this money to-morrow I will send you a wire, and you can meet me at Madame Elysée's."

"Do you mean to call for it? If so I think you might take me. Women are so much more tactful in these matters than men."

"On second thoughts, I will meet you in Bond Street to-morrow at four o'clock; I am quite sure to get the money, and I can settle by cheque afterwards."

* * * * *

Punctual to the appointed time saw Mr. Lorrimer in Bond Street, and after waiting something like half-an-hour he saw his wife's brougham (hired) coming along.

Mrs. Lorrimer's look of triumph gave way to one of genuine consternation when on entering the shop she saw her husband courteously take off his hat to Madame Elysée, and express himself pleased at seeing her looking so well. "My wife tells me she wants her account if you have it ready, please."

"Here it is, Mr. Lorrimer. I hope you won't think me awfully extortionate," replied Madame with a laugh.

"Just glance over it, dear, will you?" handing it to his wife, and turning to the proprietress he resumed his conversation. Presently she was called away, and Mr. Lorrimer asked his wife casually if it was correct.

"The—the items seem all right, but what does this mean, Charlie? Total £73 15s.; less due to Mr. Lorrimer on his I.O.U., £100; balance in his favour, £26 5s.

"That's the I.O.U. I spoke to you about."

"But you said your debtor was a lady of rank."

"And so she is! Madame Elysée to the world at large. Lady Duncombe to her friends. You see, when Duncombe left her she had to do something; lots of titled people are in business nowadays, and——"

"Charles, you will oblige me by calling the brougham at once!"

"Certainly, my dear, but I must just say good-bye to Lady Duncombe first."

S. J. F. NEWBERY.

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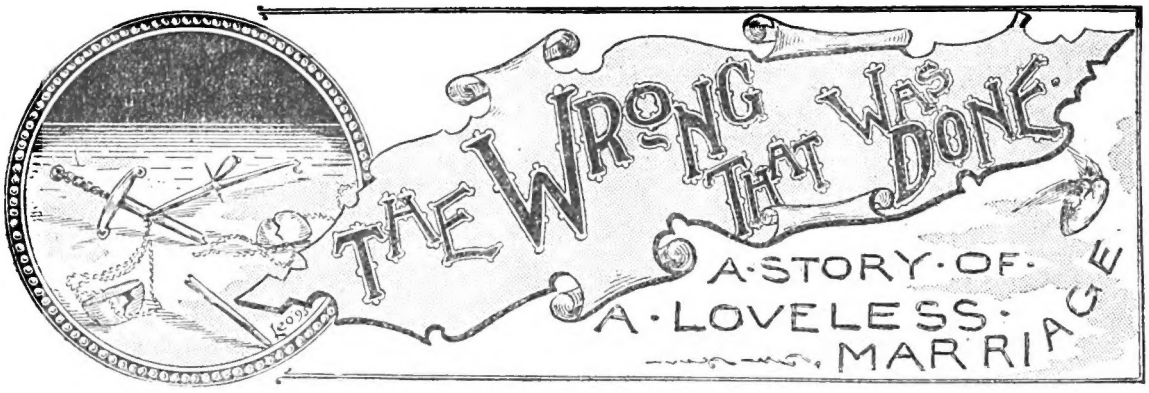

By E. C. WAGGENER.

SUMMARY.

COLONEL BEVERLY and his step-daughter, Helen, between whom there is little love, are living together at Looe. After a long absence, Helen's sister, Kitty, returns home. She discovers that Helen fancies herself deeply in love with Gifford Vane, to whom she herself was engaged five years ago, but has not seen him since.

CHAPTER IV.

"I NEED a few more roses for this vase," remarked Helen in a critical tone, as she drew back to inspect the work of her busy hands. "Gifford," turning to the young man who sat watching her with an amused look in his handsome eyes, "I wish you'd run down to the garden and gather some. Kitty will go with you and help you. I must watch the jelly, or I'd go myself."

She stood by a tall, old-fashioned dresser, on which was heaped a quantity of delicious-looking cakes, and a bowl of freshly gathered strawberries occupying the centre.

"Of course we'll go," said the young man, jumping up with alacrity. "What an energetic little body you are," he added, reaching over and boldly appropriating a handful of berries.

"Kitty, do coax him away before he eats the last berry. And see how he is eyeing those cakes. I feel sure he is only waiting for a chance to steal one."

"Yes, do take me away, Miss North, or you'll have neither cakes nor strawberries for tea."

"I really feel too comfortable to move," said Kitty, from the depths of an easy-chair by the window. "And Helen makes such a charming picture with those stains on her hands, and that frown on her forehead, that I am tempted to stay and listen to the lecture I feel sure she means to give you."

"I'll defer the lecture until you come back," said Helen as she hunted about the room for an empty basket. "Now do run along, there's a dear," she added coaxingly.

"I'll go if you'll come too, presently," said Kitty sweetly, as she rose, with a pretty, reluctant air, and wound a light, fleecy scarf about her shoulders.

"I'll come directly, if I don't find something else to do."

Once out of the house an awkward silence fell between Kitty and her companion, which neither seemed disposed to break. The young man strode along, his eyes bent on the ground, except when he occasionally raised them to dart a strange, puzzled look at the graceful, erect figure at his side.

When they reached the garden gate, over which an oak tree spread its foliage, completely shutting off a view of the house, he stopped abruptly, and, seizing her hand, looked long and searchingly into her eyes.

"Kitty, what does this mean?" he demanded in a low, angry voice. "One would think we had never met before until to-day. What do you mean by treating me in this manner?"

"You forget yourself, Dr. Vane," began Kitty haughtily.

"Dr. Vane!" he interrupted, with a sneer. "Once you were not quite so formal. Is it possible that you mean to ignore the past?"

"I shall at least try to forget it—as *you* have done," she answered, looking straight into his handsome eyes.

"I'm sure I have no wish to forget it," he retorted flushing hotly under her steady gaze. "I don't know," he went on, with a sweeping gesture towards the house, "what prevented me from letting them know the truth, unless it was the quick, warning look you gave me, and even then I wasn't certain of your meaning. Kitty, tell me, why are you treating me in this cruel manner?"

"Have I been lacking in courtesy towards you?" she asked, a quiver of excitement in her voice.

"No; but you met me as you would have met any stranger, and I can't understand such treatment."

"It would have been very awkward to have met you in any other way. Knowing you to be Helen's accepted lover, I preferred that we should meet as strangers rather than that we should have to enter into explanations."

"Nonsense! I'm nobody's lover but yours, sweetheart, and you know it," he interrupted laughing, and yet with a puzzled look on his face.

"I am in no mood for sentimental nonsense," she said, frowning and trying to withdraw her hand from his. But he only held it the closer, while the ominous look in his eyes meant that he would have no further trifling.

"I'm not going to ask you to explain why you treated me as you did five years ago," he said. "What I want to know just now is what you meant by calling me your sister's accepted lover?"

"You expect to marry her," began Kitty hesitatingly.

"Who put that idea into your head?" he asked quickly.

"Colonel Beverly gave me the information—not as an idea, either, but as a settled fact."

"Then he lied," said Gifford with more force than elegance. "Your sister and I are good friends—nothing more. I'd like to know what object your stepfather had in telling such a falsehood," he added resentfully.

Kitty said nothing, but looked searchingly into his face, which was certainly open and honest enough to have dispelled her worst suspicions. It wore a perplexed, angry look, but had not the least appearance of guilt.

"And you believed him?" he said at last reproachfully. "Here," and he drew her to a bench near the gate, "sit down, and let me give you an account of myself. Perhaps we will be able to come to a better understanding then. When we parted that day five years ago—and what a wretched day it was to us both—I little thought when and in what manner we would meet again. You know I didn't expect to be absent longer than a fortnight, but my business detained me nearly a month. During that time I heard nothing from you, though I wrote to you every week.

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And when I did return I learnt to my grief and astonishment, that you had left town the previous week, to take charge of a school somewhere.

"I questioned your aunt about you, but she refused to give me your address or any information concerning you. Your friends were equally as reticent on the subject when I appealed to them, the majority of them protesting that they were in perfect ignorance of your whereabouts. So you can easily guess how your conduct annoyed and puzzled me.

"True, we had had a slight quarrel just before I was summoned from town; but that matter had been straightened up, and we had parted with the mutual understanding that your aunt's violent opposition to our marriage should not prevent it, or even delay it. After waiting in vain for several weeks for a letter from you, I packed up my belongings and left town; for the conviction was forced upon me that you were still angry with me, and had gone away with the intention of hiding from me.

"For four years I drifted aimlessly from place to place. While in Devonshire about a year ago, I met John Eastman, an old school mate, who was living in Mallingford and practising law there. He invited me to go home with him, and I accepted the invitation. One night, soon after our arrival at Mallingford, I was introduced to Colonel Beverly, and from that time on he held out many inducements for me to settle in Looe, stating that there was a good opening for a doctor, as the only physician in the place was getting too old to practise.

"Finally I consented to come, little knowing that I was going straight to your old home. Nor did I suspect the truth when I met your sister, for the Colonel introduced her simply as 'my daughter Helen,' so I was under the impression that her name was Helen Beverly. I had never heard you speak of your stepfather, nor of your sister, and had very naturally concluded that your home had always been with your aunt. It was probably a month before I found out the truth, and then through a crowd of gossiping loafers, who gave me a full history of the family."

"What did they say of *me?*" demanded Kitty, her face a little pale, and a look of angry defiance in her eyes.

"They said that you quarrelled with your stepfather because of his unwillingness to vacate the house and leave you and your sister in possession; and that, finding he meant to stay, you refused to live longer in the house with him, and announced your determination to leave. Colonel Beverly had a nephew, they said—a disreputable sort of fellow—who persisted in hanging about the place, and who refused to leave at your bidding; so the quarrels between your stepfather and yourself grew more frequent and bitter, until one day you suddenly left, saying that you meant to go and live with your aunt and earn your own living."

"Was that all?" and Kitty drew a long breath of relief. "Let us gather those roses, or Helen—"

"Not until you tell me why you went away," said Gifford planting his broad shoulders against the garden gate. "Was it because of anything your aunt said?"

"Yes."

"But what *could* she have said to have made you act in such a manner towards *me?*"

"A great many things. She declared that she had positive proof that you were only trifling with me; but when I asked for the proof she evaded my question by saying that you were addicted to all sorts of bad habits and were not a fit husband for me, and that if I persisted in encouraging you she'd turn me out of her house."

"And you believed—"

"I believed nothing until you failed to write."

"But I did write, every week."

"Then aunt must have intercepted the letters. Yet I don't see how she could have done it."

"Still, that doesn't explain your sudden flight and silence."

"I acted on the impulse of the moment in going away. When I recovered from my anger sufficiently to reason calmly, I wrote to you explaining my reasons for going, and assuring you of my perfect faith in you."

"A letter which never reached my hands," said Gifford, with a sigh. "And after that?" he asked abruptly.

"Aunt must have interccpted the letters."

"There is nothing more to tell," said Kitty evasively.

"Nothing more to tell, with four long years of silence between us!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "Surely——"

"How long you two have been getting those roses!" cried Helen, who came hurrying along the path. "Why"—with a hasty glance at the empty basket—"you haven't picked a single one!"

"It was all Dr. Vane's fault. He would persist in talking, and one can't gather roses from these scattered bushes and talk at the same time."

"But he knew I was in a great hurry for them," said Helen, in a vexed tone. "I shall never," turning to Gifford, whose face wore an embarrassed look, "send you out here into the garden for roses again. The idea of forgetting——"

"I think he was afraid of the thorns," interrupted Kitty, with an odd little laugh, as they passed through the garden gate.

CHAPTER V.

HAD Kitty been less impulsive by nature she would have taken time to consider what course would be best to pursue in the perplexing difficulties that met her on every side. But though a morbid desire to keep the past a secret, and because of a vague fear that Helen was beginning to suspect the truth, she acted upon the first thought that suggested itself, and began a system of deceit against which her finer feelings and better judgment rebelled, and of which she was secretly ashamed. Yet it seemed to her that there was no other way out of the difficulty.

But when several weeks had passed (and very miserable, unsatisfactory weeks they were) she began to look about for some reasonable excuse to go away. Anything would be better than the wretched life she was leading at present. A chance word now and then had given her an insight into her sister's nature, and she knew that a perfect demon of jealousy slept in Helen's soft, tender heart, and that it would take but a trifle to arouse it. Yes, it would be best to go away, she decided—a decision that was very humiliating to her proud spirit, when she remembered her purpose

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in coming back, and the plans she had formed with regard to her own and Helen's future.

The previous week she had chanced upon a paper setting forth the excellencies of a certain private school in Mallingford, and requesting the services of a competent lady teacher. She decided to write to the principal and ascertain something about the required duties, the salary, etc., and if the answer proved a favourable one, to make a personal application for the place.

She had chanced upon a paper.

She said nothing to Helen about her plan, but wrote her letter early one morning and went down to the little station to post it at an hour when she knew Helen was in the kitchen giving out orders for dinner.

As she climbed the hill, coming back, she saw Gifford Vane sauntering slowly up and down the long green lane as if waiting for someone. She had been careful to avoid him all these weeks, and now her heart beat wildly and fast at the thought that she must meet him face to face and endure his angry reproaches. But instead of looking sullen or fierce, he smiled as she came up, and held out a spray of delicate blossoms for her to admire.

"Where did you find them?" she asked, a little flush of pleasure on her cheeks. "Helen and I walked almost a mile through the woods, yesterday, hunting for this very flower. We used to find them in great quantities down by the brook when we were children."

"I ran across these in that little hollow just beyond the meadow," he said, as he fastened the flowers in her belt. "And I've been waiting here to speak to you and ask you not to go up to the house just yet. You see, he's asked for an interview, and I promised to see that they were not disturbed."

"*He?*" repeated Kitty. "*Who* has asked for an interview? And with whom?"

"I mean John Eastman, of course," said Gifford, laughing at her puzzled look. "He cares a great deal for Helen. Has she never told you?"

"And he is going to ask her to marry him, you mean?"

"That was his purpose in coming over here this morning. He's been on the point of proposing several times, so he says, but always lost courage at the last moment. I trust his courage won't desert him this time, for he's obliged to return to town by the ten o'clock train, and it's past nine now."

"You might have saved them both a great deal of pain and mortification," said Kitty angrily. "You know Helen will refuse him."

"How do *I* know? He's paid her a great deal of attention of late, and as she has permitted him to visit her for nearly a year I presume she has given him some hope, or he would have discontinued his visits long ago."

"If his visits have been a proof of his love and devotion to Helen, what have *yours* meant?" asked Kitty sternly, as she turned and walked slowly up and down the path. "Take care that in trying to get out of one difficulty you don't find yourself in a greater one," she added meaningly.

"I don't understand you," said Gifford in an offended tone. "John is in every way worthy of your sister, and he's very much in love with her, so why shouldn't they marry?"

"For the excellent reason that Helen cares nothing for him except as a friend."

"Oh, John's a persistent fellow, though a little slow and awkward, and if she refuses him he won't be satisfied. He'll come back again and again until she does accept him."

"You think she has half-a-dozen hearts to distribute among her admirers, do you?" said Kitty with a little scornful laugh.

Gifford flushed and bit his lip angrily.

"Kitty," he said, after a long pause, "I have tried a dozen times during the past month to see you alone, but you have persistently avoided me. And now that I have an opportunity to say what I wish I'm going to say it. No, you shall not leave me," he added, as she tried to withdraw her hand, which he had seized and was holding fast. "I am tired of this miserable farce," he went on passionately. "I want you to be your own true self again, Kitty. I can't believe that you really mean to give me up after the promise you once gave me."

"Is this what you wanted to say?" demanded Kitty coldly, as she seated herself beside him.

"Yes, and a great deal more. When I look at you, so proud, so indifferent, and so utterly unlike yourself, I wonder if you can be the same woman who once professed to care for me above all other men, and promised to be true to me always, no matter what happened."

"Have *you* been true to *me* all these years?" she asked, a little tremor in her voice.

"In thought I have, if not in deed," he answered evasively. "Surely," he added eagerly, "you won't send me away miserable because of a trifle?"

"You call it a trifle to win a woman's love and then throw it lightly away, do you? To pretend something you don't feel. To make promises you never mean to keep. For this is the way you've treated Helen."

"Kitty, you take a false view of this matter—" he began.

"I know she loves you so well that to lose you would make her the most wretched creature on earth."

"She may fancy that she cares for me, but if I were to leave Looe to-morrow she'd forget me in a little while, and marry John or some other fellow equally as deserving of her."

"You think," said Kitty scornfully, "that because it was

Wrote her letter early one morning.

easy to win her love it won't be difficult to change that love to indifference. Oh, how cruel you are!"

"You are certainly labouring under a delusion when you think your sister really loves me," returned Gifford carelessly

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—too carelessly to please his listener. "If she cares for me at all, it's only a young girl's fancy that will soon pass away and be forgotten. You cannot regret more than I do the wretched state of affairs; for, Kitty, I didn't mean to trifle with your sister. I was attracted to her because of her gentle nature, and because she was unlike any woman I had ever met before; but more, I think, when I learnt she was your sister. I hoped that by visiting her, and winning her friendship and confidence, to be able to hear from you; and though I was disappointed in that hope, I continued my visits, because she seemed lonely and unhappy, and I wanted to bring a little pleasure into her life. I never meant that the little attentions I paid her should drift into anything like tenderness or love-making. And if she has been led to believe that I love her, I am sorry."

"And, as the matter stands, do you expect me to renew my promise to you?" asked Kitty, scarcely believing him to be in earnest.

"Certainly I do. I don't deny that Helen is a good, true girl, and deserves a much better man than I am; but she's not the sort of girl to make me happy. You know that as well as I. She is too ordinary looking, and—well, in fact, she isn't at all attractive.

"Kitty," his voice growing tender again, "I love you, only you, and you know it, dear. You will be my wife—you and no other woman," he said, taking her in his arms and holding her close to his heart. "Do you think I would give you up now that I have found you again?"

"You must, for it will be right and best," she said, trying to free herself from his strong clasp; but he held her close and covered her face with passionate kisses.

"Sweetheart, nothing shall part us again," he said fondly.

For a moment she forgot everything save that they were together again, that he held her in his arms, and that life held nothing half so sweet to her as his love.

"You are never to leave me again," he whispered presently. "You are to be my wife, and very soon, too. Are you listening, love?"

"But I must do right," she said, breaking suddenly away from him. "You know," she added, lifting her tear-stained face to his, "that I couldn't marry you now."

"But why—why?" he demanded impatiently.

"Because we would both be wronging Helen. She could never be made to understand the truth; we have both deceived her so."

"You don't mean it. You can't mean it!" he cried, his face growing pale with fear.

"I do mean it," she answered firmly, though her face was ashen and her eyes wore a strange look of misery.

"I can't believe that you are in earnest," he said presently. "You are only trying me, Kitty."

"No, I'm not trying you. I am simply telling you the truth. I could never be happy as your wife, knowing that Helen was miserable. Even your love would not be strong enough to shield me from her hatred and contempt. Oh! you don't know how strongly I've been tempted to tell her the truth—how at times it has been in my heart to go to her and say: 'The man you love is my own lover.' But I am glad for her sake and mine that I have been strong enough to keep silent. And in refusing you I am only doing what is right and best."

"Right and best?" he repeated with a sneer. "Suppose I go to Helen and tell her the truth—what then?" he demanded eagerly.

"I would refuse you then, as I do now," she answered, growing more composed and firm, as he grew more excited and angry. "I am going to Mallingford in a few days," she continued, "but before I go I want you to promise me that you will never hint to Helen what has passed between us to-day, or that we ever knew each other. Will you? I have told her nothing of my plans yet, because I was afraid she'd beg me to stay. And, Gifford, I don't want you to part with me in anger. I want to feel that you are helping me to do right."

"There can be no such thing as friendship between you and me," he said fiercely. "You have been offered my love and protection; you refuse both, yet ask for my friendship. One thing is certain, you will never have the opportunity of refusing me again. Your silence all these years is inexplicable, yet I have not insisted on hearing a

Helen was giving out orders for dinner.

full explanation. You have my promise with regard to Helen. She shall never know how much I have cared for you. Yet, as surely as you live, you will repent in bitterness and in tears the step you have taken to-day."

"Don't talk like that, Gifford!" pleaded Kitty, shrinking back from the fury of his eyes as she would have shrunk from a blow from his hand. "Helen will make you a better wife than I. She is far more deserving of your love, and you will be happier with her than you could ever be with me. I feel that I am doing right in urging you to marry her, for you will learn to care for her in time—and forget me."

She came a step nearer and held out her hand. "Forgive me," lifting her pained face to his. "And say good-bye to me here. I couldn't bear to part with you before them all at—at—the house."

"I refuse to say good-bye," he said, throwing aside her hand in bitter anger. "I have only this to say now," he added, "and I trust you will always keep it in mind. Take care that your zeal for your sister's happiness does not end in sorrow and regret to you both." And, without another glance at her pale, frightened face, he turned abruptly and left her.

(To be continued.)

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His Fatal Mistake.

Translated from the French of Georges D'Espares.

GENERAL MARTEAUX was fifty years of age, and was a brave and passionate man. He was an old leader whom the Revolution had made a captain. In those stirring times they died quickly, and the frequent thinning of the military staff led him in two years to the grade of General-in-Chief.

He limped a little, having been wounded in the thigh by a ball, which could not be extracted.

His advance guard arrived on the 14th of September, at daybreak, at Forbach; and he was saluted with the fire of artillery.

"Good!" said he; "something new."

Seeing himself discovered, he masked his troops behind the pines of an abyss. Three generals came at his order, and they consulted together.

"The position is untenable," said Marteaux.

He repeated: "It is untenable—untenable," without any fresh idea coming to him. Near him the generals fidgeted at their sabres.

"Those redoubts are well guarded."

"We must beat a retreat."

"That is my advice. The reconnaissance, too, will serve us. We will return more slowly."

A representative of the people, sent as commissioner to the army by the National Convention, came up.

"They can approach these redoubts; the men are fresh; we have some artillery."

He raised his voice towards the Grenadiers:

"A victorious force drive back the nation!"

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"They cannot approach entrenchments as easily as you mount the tribune! I know my soldiers; I love them; I know what can be obtained for them. We must retire."

"There would be some danger in forcing the attack," said one.

"We should be killed to no purpose."

"What matters it, if our death is the salvation of the people?" cried the representative. "General, I am here in the name of the Republic!"

"Our muskets defend your Republic," replied Marteaux.

Already in the saddle, he would have ordered a retreat, when all at once a voice made itself heard.

"Greeting, brothers!"

A man appeared. He had a simple voice; a head such as women love—with hair in abundance, and beautiful hair, too, and with fine, clear eyes, full of thought.

"Hallo! Du Coudercq!" cried Marteaux.

The officer with an even step came to his chief.

This assistant staff-officer, who seldom spoke, had followed the general for four months. Whoever saw Marteaux also perceived du Coudercq.

All that was needed to spur the men on to face any great danger was to say in their hearing: "Du Coudercq wishes it," or "Du Coudercq thinks we shall gain the day." This man never laughed, spoke but little, never roused himself to enthusiasm, but he had the art of conquest at his fingers' ends. The troops loved him with an unreasoning love, as the besieged love the place that shelters them, the besiegers their trenches.

"Would you have believed that the representative wished us to push the attack?" growled Marteaux.

"He was right."

Marteaux gave a jerk of the head that shook his stiff hair. Under the strain of the revolt his face appeared quite white, and his eyeballs became bloodshot.

"Then you do not know the force of the allies?"

"Yes, but we must finish it; the victory drags."

Marteaux, after a moment's silence, burst out with:

"Then, tell me quickly, what? We must not lose a minute."

Fidgeting with nervous excitement from head to foot, du Coudercq closed his fists. It was thus that he always reflected.

"Divide the troops into three columns."

"Well?"

"March with the first on Shackberg, crossing the ravine of Blumenthal."

"Well?"

"Give the command of the centre column to General Freytag, who will return along the valley to direct himself on the town."

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"Well?"

"General Lequoy will turn to the left."

"Well, is that all?"

"That is all."

Marteaux, in anger, spurred his horse past his staff, and disappeared towards the soldiers.

Soon afterwards the rattle of arms was to be heard, and they were glistening among the branches.

Then the three columns entered the flames! That on the left stopped a moment under the fierce hail of the enemy's artillery, and gave way on the deep ravine of Steingrund, being obliged, in order to advance, to rejoin the centre column. The two others, at the charge, advanced on the town to enter and take it, when all at once the battalions of Kalkstein on the left, and the brigade of the Prince of Baden on the right, appeared from ambush, formed up in line diagonally, and, quick as a cannon-shot, marched against the advancing troops.

"What do you say to this, du Coudercq?"

General Marteaux had only seen the force before him, under the walls of Pirmasens; at the sight of this cross-fire a stupor riveted him to the saddle.

"We must fall back," he murmured.

But behind him, pale, du Coudercq cried:

"Force the centre!"

"We shall go to death!"

"But a retreat with the flanks harassed will mean a rout. Advance!"

Marteaux looked at his officer. His powerful head arose amid the shots that were whistling about them; it was lighted up by the terrible fire of the enemy, and he asked quietly:

"Do you see your way clearly out of this business?"

"No, general. We are in danger; the disposition of the ground and of the troops will not allow us to fall back. I have made a mistake this time, but it is too late to fly. March them on; I will wait here."

"Why?"

A sadness spread over the pale face of the officer, who replied:

"I have no longer the right to follow you."

"That is good!" said Marteaux; "this du Coudercq was always mad!"

He reined in his horse and opened his coat a little.

"Adieu, comrade!"

A musket shot carried away his head-dress.

"I have no need to salute you, then!"

Dreadful to say, he found time for a burst of laughter! Then his horse raised itself, threw its fore feet in the air, bent its legs, gave a bound amid the thunder, and made for the end of the train at a stretch gallop. There was heard afar off the finish of the burst of laughter, amid the whistling of the musket-balls; and, in disorder, the troops rushed on to follow him.

This was the last effort. Marteaux stopped his horse before the cannon. Two batteries opened fire and missed him, but the columns that discharge broke through commenced to fly.

The ravine narrowed as they converged towards Pirmasens, and it was impossible to delay the troops. Du Coudercq, with his good sense, should have seen this before. That was where his mistake lay.

Marteaux, seized with dizziness, fell with the swiftness of a bomb upon the fugitives.

"Oh! my soldiers—my children! Turn back, in the name of the Trinity! Advance for the Republic!

He turned his horse, but while he attempted to arrest their flight and resume the attack, they all broke up, and two rivers of men rushed tumultuously past him, on the right and the left, pell mell, seeming like madmen.

Then Marteaux, still facing his men, and endeavouring always to stop them, fell back, and began to call du Coudercq, shouting at the top of his voice. But all was over.

Then he remained alone on the plain, a formidable figure, in the middle of the last shells.

At that moment, at Hornback, du Coudercq, surrounded by the fugitives, had picked out four men and a sergeant. He had put his finger on their chests, and had said to them:

"Take your arms, follow me."

They were four grown men, with bearded faces, but with the hearts of children. Arrived in front of a hedge away from the troops, he made them sit on the grass and stood humbly at their feet.

"My name is Jean-François du Coudercq. I am a captain assisting the adjutants of Marteaux, General-in-Chief of the corps of the Vosges. I have done some bold actions for which the nation has rewarded me, but this morning I was guilty of a fault."

The soldiers did not reply.

"Instead of advising a retreat, I advised a continuance of the fight. I am the cause of the disaster."

The sergeant replied uneasily:

"Captain, it is not for us to listen to that. You ought to go to see the representative of the people."

"I have chosen you," said the officer, "you are my Council of War."

At one bound the four soldiers were on their feet. Two of them wept, and a third said tremblingly:

"I am going away from this."

"I am your captain!"

"Good Heavens! He wants us to kill him!"

"I do not deserve death at the enemy's hands."

Du Coudercq seized the sergeant and gave the order:

"Form in line to the right!"

This commanding voice struck the four men, who at once ranged themselves.

"Charge your muskets!"

The soldiers bent their heads, took each a cartridge to bite, then at a distance of twenty paces the officer watched them empty out the powder, prime, shut the pan, pass the musket to the left, introduce the cartridge, draw the ramrod, push it down, and ram home.

At that moment du Coudercq shouted:

"Present!"

Without reasoning, but with a film over their eyes, the soldiers took aim.

"Fire!"

A sharp report rang out, but from among the smoke, out of it, du Coudercq rushed! A burnt lock of his hair fell to the ground. Escaped from death, it seemed to him as if a hand had snatched him from an abyss. However, he still wished to die.

"It is thus that they obey me!" he cried.

He took his pistol, loaded it, and said:

"If I am not killed this time, I will kill you!"

A second time the officer gave his orders sharply, and as the soldiers reloaded, he said:

"As no representative has foreseen my crime, and there exists no law to punish me, I will invent one."

The soldiers listened. "Any commanding officer who by his fault shall bring about the destruction of the troops that the nation has committed to his charge shall be shot."

Du Coudercq said again:

"To be added to the Regulations."

Then he gave the order: "Fire!"

And he fell shot through the heart

THE ORGAN BLOWER'S STORY

No one knows all, but I reckon I can explain more than anyone else, unless Rector Frank should speak.

You see, I have blowed the organ ever since 'twas built, and taken care of the church since the time when Mr. Frank's father was the rector. It was the summer he died that Mr. Frank was ordained. I remember that Sunday as though it were yesterday. There was the old rector trembling and white, and there was the bishop so stiff and dignified, and the rest of the clergy all a-looking at Mr. Frank, and impressing upon him the responsibilities that he must shoulder, and he so pale and grave that I could hardly believe that it was Mr. Frank at all.

When his father died, a little later, he took it hard. Then he became rector, and he always seemed to be remembering the trust resting with him. I used to wish he would cut up some of his old pranks, but as the years went on he spent more and more time in his study, and grey hairs got sprinkled in round his temples long before he was thirty.

I remember the first time I saw her, too. I was blowing the organ, and right in the middle of "Lead, Kindly Light," I almost stopped; something like a sob trembled up into the pipes, and I could just feel the pain a-throbbing into the organ. I looked round to see what had come over Merrick, and it wasn't him at all; but there she sat in Merrick's place, so little and so white, and a far-off look in her eyes, while her hands were just pressing regret into the keys.

The committee did not know anything about music, but happened to decide upon her, and after that she came every morning. She'd sit down to the organ, and after her pretty hands had fondled the keys a bit they would search out such chords of music as would seem to lift you right up beside a choir of angels. I used to close my eyes and hold my breath for fear that she would stop.

One morning Rector Frank's study door was open when she was playing, and it was never tightly closed again during her hour after that. By-and-bye he would come and stand in the door through the whole hour, and then he got so he would come up the stairs and lean against the rail. It seemed to disturb her at first, but after a little she seemed to wait for him, and a kind of hope got into her music.

Once she played an old love-tune, and then she hurried out of the church and didn't come back for nearly a week. Rector Frank came though every day and sat on the organ steps and waited, and once I saw him put his hand, tender-like, down on her little pile of music.

The morning she came back he was waiting, and he looked at her reproachfully; when I looked again he was kissing the palms of her pretty hands and she was sobbing, but her face was happy, and for weeks her playing told of love and happiness and all that, and the rector came and listened every morning.

We never had such music as then. Why, I would have blowed that old bellows all day just to listen to her playing for one minute! She seemed to love the organ, too, just as I did, and when it grew dark she would stop playing and lean her face, loving-like, down on the keys and sit there so still and so long that I used to get the fancy that her soul had just trembled out of her body and was swallowed up in the big, dark pipes.

The women-folk didn't seem to take to her, and sometimes, when they whispered, I could see her eyes get full of tears. Such pretty eyes, too; only they looked so sorry.

Rector Frank's sermons were full of tenderness and his face was happy those days. She used to sit and listen as though it was God a-preaching, and then, when he had finished, and she began to play, the pipes would fill with rapture.

"In the autumn," I heard him say to her one day, and she caught her breath and asked him if he was sure, "really sure," he wanted her. Then he kissed her hair, the same as he did his robe of office when they gave it to him to wear, and just then a beam of sunlight came through one of the stained windows and covered their heads with gold that seemed like a promise for the future.

When summer came the village filled up with town folks. One Sunday morning I was blowing the organ as usual, and listening to the piece that the organ was promising, to the tune of "Come, ye Weary," when a wrong note, covered heavily by the right one, made me look round to see who was playing. But it was she in her old place at the keys, with her face upturned to the little swing glass over her head, and in her eyes a look that I once saw in a man's who was listening to his death sentence.

I looked down at the congregation, and there, in the front pew was a man, with a surprised sneer upon his face, peering straight up into the glass.

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Rector Frank knew the stranger, and after the hymn, motioned me to ask him up.

She sat there gazing into the glass, through it all getting whiter and whiter.

When the service was ended Rector Frank brought him up to the organ, and introduced him to her as an old college chum, and then he left them and went back to his class. Old Shep, when I tied him up to be shot, had the same frightened look in his eyes as was in hers when that man sat down and said he had got something to say to her.

I had to go down into the vestry then, and when I came back he was standing up in front of her with his hat on, and I heard him say that she ought to have thought of the consequences before. He wasn't going to stand by and see his friend deceived. Then she said something about youth, and his face grew black and he said he had heard enough of that nonsense years ago. Then he sneered and picked up her little Bible and said: "That little act is about ended."

When he had gone she turned her face to the dark wall and sat still so long that I ventured to ask if she would need me again. She turned round in a dazed way, and when I repeated my question, pushed both of her hands up through her hair as if to lift a weight, and shook her head, and all the time she didn't seem to see anything.

"How long has it been?" she asked me.

I knew what she meant, and said: "Just three months, Miss."

"Isn't that a great many days?" she asked, and when I told her, she kept repeating "Ninety-one," and saying: "That's a very long time, isn't it, Walker?"

Then she began to cry, and after a minute asked me if it wasn't funny that people should cry just because they had been happy.

She looked wistfully towards Mr. Frank's study, and I told her he had gone home and taken the stranger with him.

It was an hour before she spoke again, and all that time she had been sitting staring out into the dark church. "Where do the lilies grow, Walker?" she asked. And then she wanted to know if the water was deep there, and if I thought Mr. Frank liked lilies.

As she passed the altar she laid her cheek down on the Bible-cushion—the stains her tears left there still mark it—then she hurried down the aisle so swiftly that her silk shawl fluttered out behind her—I have always thought it seemed to wave me good-bye.

Neither she nor Mr. Frank came to the church the next day. On Tuesday I was waiting for her when he came out of his study and up the organ stairs. His face was white and he stepped heavily. I told him she hadn't been there since Sunday, and he asked me to call and ask her to come early the next day. Then I saw him look tenderly down at her seat, and heard him repeating to himself:

"Poor little girl! Poor little girl! I will make it all up to her—all."

"She hadn't been home since Sunday," they told me when I called.

I couldn't sleep that night, and every time I closed my eyes I dreamt of pond-lilies. Before light the next morning I walked out of the village to the pond. The sun was just coming up when I reached the marsh. It was so quiet that you could feel it. One lonesome bird was calling to his mate, who didn't answer. Somehow the words of Mr. Frank's sermon: "And there shall be no more sorrowing," kept coming to my lips.

I shaded my eyes and looked out across the marsh. Something blue was glistening on the top of the lilies. There were only two feet of water, and I waded out to it. It was her shawl, and she lay there under it, with her little, dripping hands filled with lilies. She had gathered them and then just folded her arms and lain down on her face.

There ain't nothing more to tell. Rector Frank's hair grew white faster after that; and in his study, hanging under the crucifix, is the old love-song, and alongside of it a bunch of dried lilies; and he never talks to anybody now.

But the strangest part of my story is that sometimes during lily season, when the church is growing dark, and Rector Frank comes out of his study and up the stairs and waits there, the organ plays softly the old love-tune, and no hands are on the keys.

ADELAIDE LUND.

AN EASY WAY TO EARN ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

AT the left hand bottom corner of the second page of the cover of **SHORT STORIES** will be found a coupon. This coupon will appear every week during the whole of 1896. It will also appear every week in **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** and **THE STORY TELLER** during the same period.

WHAT TO DO.

Procure as many of these coupons as you possibly can. Once you get them keep them. A good way would be to paste them on to slips of paper. A better way would be to paste them neatly into a book. However, the main thing is to get and to keep them.

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ONE HUNDRED POUNDS is a big sum to earn for, say, an hour's work a week, fifty-two hours in the year, six working days at eight and a half hours a day.

£100 FOR A WEEK'S WORK!

No coupons are to be sent to us until January 1st, 1897. Keep them safely till then. All coupons are of equal value.

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A Strange Story which Spans Eighteen Centuries.

"Would you like to hear a New Year's story?" he asked, rubbing his thin hands together as he stood beside me, peering through the bars of the window at the stretch of white lawn below, where here and there a young elm bent and cowed before the wind that swept round the corner of the asylum, blowing the snow before it in whirling clouds. "It isn't an orthodox story, but it has one merit—it is true." And he laughed a little as he pointed to the broad, cushioned window-seat. "Pray sit down, for it is quite long, as a story should be that goes back eighteen hundred years!"

I looked at him a moment, then sat down. He might grow violent if I refused, and, besides, there was an hour yet before my friends would come down, and we would leave to catch the 11.30 train to the city, which would end my visit to the B—— Asylum.

"Thanks; you are very kind. Don't think that I tell this story to every one. I have been here six months, and none of them know it. I should not tell it now, but I like your face, and besides, if you listen it might make my head more easy. I see you think me one of the patients." he continued with a sad smile, as he turned his sunken grey eyes on mine, "but you are mistaken. I am here solely because my friends wish to keep me from giving myself up as a murderer, as I should do were I free."

He paused for a moment, and looked out of the closely-barred window again. Not observing the rather startling effect his words produced on me, he continued in a low voice:

"He was the son of a Syrian merchant of Beirut, his mother an Italian from Palermo. We met eight years ago. I was studying medicine then in London, and my room was next to his on the top floor of an old house in Manchester Square. I have always been a lover of solitude, and at that time had an almost morbid dislike of making new acquaintances. I cared only for study, and had no intercourse with any one but the professors at the college. He also seemed unusually shy and reserved, and we would never have spoken, though lodging next each other for over a year already, had it not been for the violin.

"I had a fine old specimen of Cremona work, which my father had picked up somewhere in Italy when he was there years before. Sometimes I took it out of its case and played on it in my own poor way, so that one night its wonderful tone seemed to attract his attention, and at last proved too strong an attraction for him to resist, for he knocked timidly, asking whether he might look at it. Of course I asked him to enter, and gave him the violin. He sat down, taking it tenderly in his hands, looking at it in an awed, half-worshipping way, as if it were some holy thing.

"After drawing a few long wailing chords from it he seemed carried away by a passion of delight, and began playing. I sat against the wall, watching him. He was evidently very young, hardly more than a boy, with thick, tightly-curling hair, worn in the old Florentine aureole shape. His forehead was low, his face oval, with soft olive skin, and dark eyes that were now glowing with some mysterious, rapt light, as if he saw the angels.

"But soon I forgot my inspection of my strange caller—forgot him—myself—everything in the wonder and delight that thrilled through me as I listened. I could hear the low words of the lover to his mistress—the murmured answer dying away before half said, in sheer delight of kisses pressed on lips and drooping lids—the fast-coming breath broken by little sobs—the last close, clinging embrace as they parted.

"Then a moment's pause, and, with dilated nostrils and glittering eyes, he swept the strings again, and the sound of battle crashed through the room—the hurried tramping of the feet of on-coming columns—the sharp

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command—the last, swift, deadly charge—the clash and clang of steel—the sickening crush of maimed and severed limbs, of blades grating against the bone—the grinding together of the teeth, and the hoarse, hard-drawn breath of the dying—the shrieks and groans of the wounded—the shouts of the victors as they pressed the foe before them—the horrid tumult of useless rally, of close, deadly strife, of hopeless stand and stubborn retreat, till the vanquished break and fly for the last time, and, with merciless carnage of pursuit, the battle rolls away into the distance—ah, it was god-like!"

"From that night" (he continued after a moment's pause, while the faint glow faded from his sunken cheeks) "we were friends. I gave him the Cremona, seeing how precious it was to him, and that won his heart.

"With our common love for music as our only bond at first, our friendship grew until I cared more for him than I had ever before for any living creature, while he soon loved me with all the intensity of his Eastern nature. Yet he never told me anything of his past history, except what I have given of his parents' nationality, and I never learnt by what strange fortune he had drifted from Syria to London, and become the second violin in one of the West-end theatres.

"When I knew him better I urged him to give a public concert, and win the fame which I was sure would be his if he but stretched out his hand, for I believed, rightly, that no living violinist was his equal, either as a composer or in mastery of the instrument. But he refused, and when I persisted, begged me to press him no more. Perhaps he had already tried in Italy and failed, as many another has, in his first endeavour to win from the world recognition of his genius.

"A year after our first meeting my studies ended, and I gained my diploma, for which I had been doggedly starving so long, being poor and having to work my way. In five years more I had won a large practice, and saw before me every promise of greater success.

"I had bought a small house in Pardoe Street, where Luigi lived with me—that was a little more than two years ago. He had grown more silent and shy of others than ever, while his devotion to me increased each year. The world must have used him most harshly in the past. At the theatre he was only a part of the great orchestral machine that gave no opportunity for his genius to display itself, though he was favourably known for his remarkable technical skill; but at home, with me, he gave his fancy full freedom, while it ever grew more strange and weird until, when he touched the Cremona, either an angel or a demon seemed making it throb with unearthly music.

"Then I met them, the Signora and her daughter, being called to treat the mother for a dangerous attack of diphtheria. She recovered through my own efforts and Bianca's care; but her voice was so impaired that she could never sing again in public. Did I say that she was one of the Italian Opera Company then in the city?

"She was greatly distressed at this, her lost voice being her only source of income; but I advised her to establish herself permanently in the city as a teacher of vocal music. After some hesitation she followed my advice, and I found them a pleasant suite of rooms not far from my house, where the Signora soon had more pupils than she could teach. I was with them much, for my poor service in the Signora's illness had won the gratitude and regard of both her and Bianca, who always seemed so glad to see me, and made me so welcome that soon I even dared to hope—but I was mad and blind!

"Did I tell you of her? Tall and supple of shape, with red-gold hair, white skin, and agate eyes. I loved her, I loved her from the first moment I saw her beside her mother's bed, with long, slender fingers clasped before her, and her great eyes looking up at me in wordless appeal. Two months passed, and they grew to expect me every night, and every night found me with them, and all day I dreamt of what seemed now to me, being blind with love, was almost sure—that she would be my wife.

"I hardly thought now of Luigi. It was not until one morning in early December, when I was making ready to go to the Signora's, that I chanced to notice that his oval cheeks had grown thin, his eyes had sunken, his lips were dry and feverish, and I realised for the first time the effect upon him of my neglect, which was slowly breaking his heart. Filled with sudden remorse, I insisted on his coming with me, and would hear no refusal, even telling him to take his violin, for we would call on some friends of mine who were lovers of music. He unwillingly assented, and we went out together. They were expecting me, though the Signora seemed rather surprised at my having a companion, but she received Luigi with her usual graciousness, and her manner grew warmer when she found he was in part Italian.

"As Bianca and Luigi met, my eyes happened to be resting on her face. A faint colour flashed through her white skin, and her eyes dropped as they met his, in which shone something of the same awed wonder when he first saw the Cremona. It passed in both within a moment, but a sudden chill went through me, as if I were very cold.

"Bianca greeted me with her usual kind, affectionate manner, which now, for the first time, seemed to me as if she looked upon me more as a brother than a lover.

"The Signora noted that Luigi had brought his violin, and after a little asked me whether he played. The indefinable dread of some approaching danger, which had chilled me at first, had by this time been forgotten, and I answered with enthusiasm; whereat she begged him to open the case, and give them an opportunity to agree with me.

"He and Bianca had hardly uttered a word since our first coming. I turned to them; he was sitting near the Signora, with eyes fixed on her fingers, which were twisting and untwisting in her lap. Luigi was gazing at her from under half-closed lids, while the long lashes hid his eyes. He started as if awakening from a dream when the Signora spoke, and, somewhat to my surprise, at once complied with her request.

"I had thought that during the five years of our friendship that I had heard the best that lay in him, but now there was something in his music that had never been there before—a thrilling tenderness of tone, an almost throbbing *life*, in each note that made words uncouth and faltering. He had hardly drawn his bow across the strings a dozen times when I knew he was playing only for Bianca the most passionate love song I had ever heard.

"His eyes, fixed on her, were luminous with emotion, and slowly, as if yielding to some invisible power, she raised her own, and their eyes met. She never moved until he stopped, sitting with hands tightly clasped and lips a little parted, the colour coming and going in her face, her eyes unconsciously answering his. Suddenly, with a quick, sharp breath, the bow fell to his

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side, and he laid the Cremona, almost roughly, in its case, and rose to his feet.

"'It is late. I fear I have fatigued the Signorina. Shall we not go?'

"I looked at Bianca. She was very pale, and her eyes were almost black, so dilated were the retinæ.

"'Why did you bring him?' whispered the Signora, as we parted.

"'You mistake; it was his music, not he,' I answered lightly, though a heavy dread lay at my heart.

"Several times afterwards I went there, he always accompanying me, though I did not ask him; but, then, he did not seem to realise this, but went as if he knew she was expecting him. Ah, the agony of those few evenings! I and the Signora—I know not what I said to her, trying to keep my eyes away from them, as he either played his accursed violin or talked of music to Bianca, though in every note, in every word, his love for her was unconsciously told. And she?

"'I am grieved — ah, so grieved!—for you, dear friend,' said the Signora, one evening, taking my hand, as we sat together near the fire, while they were at the other end of the room by the piano, which she was playing, and he accompanying with that violin, their eyes hardly once withdrawn from each other's face.

"'Sorry for me!' I repeated. 'Why?'

"'Do you not see? I had hoped for you. But it is fate.'

"Luigi was bending forward at that moment, his dark hair nearly touching her own bronze gold coils, as he explained in low, liquid Tuscan, an intricate passage in the Passion music of Bach, which they were trying that evening. I stared stupidly at them without a word. Hope had lived till then; but now I saw clearly—she loved him! I pressed the Signora's brown hand silently in mine, and hurried away from the house, leaving them undisturbed. It was the last time I saw her—there, with their hair touching.

Then I stepped backwards and thrust the yataghan into its sheath.

"After that, when he asked me why I did not go with him to the Signora's I made some excuse, and let him go alone. He was now the one who was blind, and so went, without feeling the fire that burnt within me. Sometimes, as I looked at his face, now no longer pale or thin, but ever radiant with the thought of her, I could have sprung upon him, and beaten him against the stones until he was dead. But I was wise enough to avoid him, and plunged into the most severe work.

"At last came New Year's week, when I was forced, from complete exhaustion, to stay at home during the nights to get a little rest. He was always there with her until late, and so New Year's Eve I found myself sitting in the library before the fire—I intended to go to my room before he returned—sitting there staring at the coals, thinking of what I had lost through him.

"I was aroused from my bitter reverie by a quick step on the stairs. Had he returned so soon? I sprang to my feet—I would escape meeting him. But at that moment he entered the room. His hair was white with snow, his overcoat covered with it; but he shook it off, laughing, and came quickly towards me with outstretched hands.

"'I am so glad that you are here. I have great news, my brother. Wish me joy!' he said, and he laughed again, as he looked into my face with sparkling eyes. 'Are you not well? You are pale. I said that you were were working too hard. You must have care, for I shall want you next month; we are to be married then. Ah! I am so happy!' And he began taking off his overcoat, humming some air.

"I walked to the window and stared at it, but I could not see what lay outside, for the panes seemed shimmering with many colours, like the iridescent glass of the museums. I had known it was coming, and had been steeling my heart to meet it bravely; but now my strength was almost gone.

"'Yes, *mio amigo carissimo*, we are to be married in January, and I have consented to leave the orchestra. Yes, I shall write an opera, and make one more effort to win fame, for *her* sake. Listen, this is the opening bridal chorus.' And he hurriedly seized the violin, which lay on the table near him, and began playing the same air he was humming when he came in.

"I looked up at a yataghan which hung against the wall between the windows, and my fingers closed as if they were grasping its crooked handle. I could take it from its sheath without his seeing or hearing me, for he was playing softly, sitting in the armchair facing the fire. It would be a fitting time to kill him; while he was playing their wedding march. I took a few noiseless steps towards the wall, and reaching up, carefully drew the yataghan from its sheath; then came behind him, feeling the razor-like edge.

"His neck was slender, and, with one strong blow, I could strike off his head. How would it look rolling across the carpet? Would his eyes open and stare at me with a last look of horror, as those of the guillotined have sometimes done? Perhaps the Cremona would drop and break—a fitting end of the thing, to die with its master. Or the body might sit there, with the hands still holding the bow, and the violin pressed under—but then, if his head were gone, how could it be pressed under the chin? How long would the last note make the strings vibrate? Not long, for he was now playing in a minor key what seemed to be a funeral dirge. Yes, there was the sound of tears dropping on the coffin—whose coffin was it? Perhaps his; and the tears were Bianca's.

"This thought shot through my seething brain, jarring me into something like sanity.

"I stepped backwards and thrust the yataghan into its

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sheath. This was hurriedly done, for just then he turned his head and asked:

"'How do you like that? It is the funeral hymn of the Hussites as they bury the ashes of St. Jerome, which the Princess Vlatka, who has had hidden love for the martyr, has collected with her own hands, and——but in the name of the Father, how ill you look!' and he half rose from the chair.

"'Sit down, and play on. My head aches, and your music stills the pain,' I murmured, turning my face away and piling up the books on the table.

"He obeyed; but just as the dirge was rising into a strong, clear anthem of praise, as if the Hussites beheld the soul of the martyr received by a heavenly host, whose song of welcome heard far above formed the theme of the movement, a loud clanging of bells rang outside in the clear night air. He sprang to his feet, and stared out of the window with frightened eyes.

"What is that?" he asked hoarsely.

"'What is that?' he asked hoarsely.

"'It is the sound of the chimes—twelve o'clock, and the New Year is here.'

"He grew pale to the lips. 'And I had forgotten!' he murmured, and the violin bow fell from his hand to the floor.

"'You will break it if you do not look where you set your foot. What have you forgotten?' I asked coldly.

"'That it was New Year's eve—to think that our betrothal comes now!' and, heedless of my warning, he stepped backwards towards the mantel as if for support, and the bow snapped under his foot.

"He did not heed it, but stood staring before him as if he saw some horrible thing. I glanced over my shoulder at the corner where his eyes were fixed, and then at him again. His unaccountable fright had the effect of rousing me from the half stupor which had numbed me after putting back the yataghan.

"'Why not on New Year's eve? Is it not a time for happiness?' I asked bitterly.

"'You do not know! It is the curse—I feel it coming even now!' The violin which he had held in the other hand fell before his feet, while he covered his eyes. I looked down at the hated Cremona. The fall had split the back of the old instrument, and snapped two of the strings.

"'You have broken your violin!' I said, pointing to it; but he stood there motionless, while his hands trembled violently, as he pressed them over his face.

"This was indeed remarkable. At any other time such an injury to his precious Cremona would have thrown him into great grief, but now he did not seem even conscious of what he had done.

"'Luigi! What is it?—do you see anything?' I asked, shaking him by the arm. He only groaned. I drew him towards the chair, into which he sank in a nerveless heap, his hands falling by his side.

"'Don't leave me!' he implored; 'the curse has come! I thought that I might be spared, but it is here!'

"'Nothing is here, Luigi. What do you mean?' I asked, bending over him.

"'I feel a horrible fear—an unbearable remorse for some terrible deed I seem to have done! It has always been so with us; my father died a maniac from it before I was born; none of my race have lived to see the face of their first born child!' he gasped, clinging to my hand, while he brushed away the great drops of perspiration from his clammy face. 'At some time, far back in the past, one of our ancestors committed some crime—I know not what it was—which has never been forgiven by God, but will curse us for ever.'

"'Have you ever felt this before?' I asked, soothingly laying my hand on his forehead.

"'No; but all my race have died on New Year's Day, just as some great happiness came to them. She has promised to be my wife, and now the horror falls on me! Ah, why should I be cursed for a deed that was done hundreds of years ago?'

"My curiosity and wonder were now fully aroused, and I looked closely at him and felt his pulse. He was evidently labouring under intense excitement, even to the verge of hysteria or catalepsy. I hastened to a cabinet near the door, which contained my medicines. During the past year I had been greatly interested in studying the effect upon the nervous system of *lyadalia arabis*, a plant of the genus *cannabis*, found only on the western shore of the Persian Gulf, and akin to the Indian hemp, or hasheesh, and possessing similar properties, according to the usual medical opinion.

"But from certain results I had obtained by its use, I had been led to suspect that it was of greater potency as a narcotic than hasheesh, opium, or chloroform, though as yet I had used it but rarely, not satisfied that I fully understood its effects. But now, without the slightest hesitation, I took out the phial containing the tincture, and poured ten drops into half a glass of water, which I forced him to drink, believing in such a case as his it would produce a quieting effect, for his condition was distressing even to me, who had no reason to wish him well.

"But, to my chagrin, and even alarm, he grew rapidly worse, his legs and hands twitching as if with St. Vitus' dance, his eyes rolling frightfully, while a thin, white foam gathered on his purple lips, from which came sharp hisses and unintelligible words.

"Instead of acting as a narcotic, the drug had had directly the opposite effect, and had so increased his intense cerebral agitation; yes, there was great probability, I saw, of killing him, and I would be indirectly his murderer. This prospect but a short time before I would have hailed with joy, and would have watched him with silent exultation as he passed through the various stages to death. But now this result filled me with unspeakable horror, and I bent all my energies to prevent it.

"I had an unusual amount of animal magnetism and a strong will—the two requisites for a successful mesmerist. Occasionally before I had tried my powers, and knew something of their great extent. Now I exerted them to the utmost; in this horrible struggle which should conquer—life or death—I or the drug! Throwing off

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my coat, I bent over him, making a multitude of passes before his face and eyes, which, together with his hands, I rubbed incessantly all the time, willing him to sleep, until I was dripping with perspiration; my head whirled and my eye-balls burnt, so steadily had I kept them fixed on him.

"At last I conquered. The movement of the limbs gradually ceased, his eyes rolled back in their sockets, until only the white was visible between the half-closed lids, and his breath came in long, sighing respirations. He would sleep for an hour or so, and then awaken in his normal condition. I looked at the clock—it was after one. I had been working over him for more than an hour! After a moment's rest I put on my coat again, and taking the phial containing the tincture of *lyadalia* went to the cabinet. As I was replacing it I heard the words: 'Master, the camels are weary; are we almost there?' spoken in a low, distinct voice behind me.

I bent over him.

"The language was not English, but Arabic, which Luigi spoke as well as English or Italian, and during the years we had been together I had learned to understand everything he said in it, though not to speak it myself with fluency. Thus I now understood what fell upon my ears so clearly, as well as if the words had been uttered in my own tongue. I turned quickly and looked around; but the room was empty, save for the figure in the chair. Could it have been the voice of Luigi? It did not sound in the least like his. I went to him and looked closely into his face. He might be under the influence of some vision or dream produced by the drug. From his using Arabic and speaking of camels, he evidently imagined himself back in Syria, where he was born.

"Curiosity to learn how completely I controlled him mesmerically, led me to ask: 'Where are you? Tell me what you see.' After a moment's pause his lips opened a little, and in the same subdued voice came the answer, which made me start and stare at him with growing wonder:

"'The Star has stopped above us. My master and the other two urge their camels upward towards a house a little higher on the hillside, while we follow on our camels of burden. As we near the house the sound of many voices comes through the windows, whence the light streams out upon the lemon trees that grow against the wall. Beyond are shadowy low stables, whence come the trampling of hoofs and the champing of grain. Perhaps this is the place they seek, and our journey is ended, for I am weary!' and his voice sank into a whisper, then with a loud sigh died away.

"His words filled me with a great wonder—what did he see? He spoke of the Star and of the Three—was it the Star that stopped over the inn on the hillside above Bethlehem? Were the Three the wise men who had come to worship the new-born Child, and then, leaving their gifts, disappeared again into the mysterious East? Had the drug excited his imagination so powerfully that it seemed to him he was there as the servant or attendant of one of the Three? Or—was I going mad to think of such a thing?—perhaps he *had* been there at the inn within whose stall lay the Babe in swaddling clothes, there in far-off Judaea, nearly nineteen hundred years ago?

"A burning desire to learn this dread secret seized me, and, making hurried passes over his eyes and forehead to strengthen my control, I commanded him to tell me what next he saw. Slowly his lips opened, and I heard again the strange unnatural voice:

"'We halt before the door, and the Three alight, rejoicing and offering thanks. Taking the golden boxes of precious things, they go together to the stable, and enter its low door. The servants of the inn bring food for the camels and bread and wine for us, while we rest on the stone benches under the lemon trees by the wall, listening to the voices and laughter of the travellers within, who speak in many different tongues. Then, at last the Three come out from the stable, a great, awed light shining from their faces. Silently we turn down the hill-road again, leaving the light and laughter of the inn, riding on through the white-walled village below, on up the narrow rocky road that winds up the hill beyond, while the camels slip and stumble in the dim starlight.

"'Then the summit of the hill is gained, and the Three turn and gaze backwards at the Star, low above the inn across the valley, where a tiny point of light still gleams from the window under the lemon trees. They cover their faces with their mantles, sitting high up on the camels, with down-bent heads, their dusky shadows in the starlight motionless on the road, until at last my master murmurs a few words in a strange tongue, which the other two slowly repeat, and then, uncovering his face, he makes a gesture of farewell, he goes onward by another road over the hills, while they go on with their servants down into the great valley beyond.

"The Star has stopped above us."

"He rides on in silence before me, till the dim starlight fades and the sun appears—till the sun sinks in the west and the stars rise again—ever onward towards the East; on over hill, and valley, and plain, till the desert is reached, and we plunge into its shadowy depths, and toil onward through the night and day, seeing no other living thing but the crimson lizards that bask in the blazing sun; ever onward till the desert ends, and flowers and grass are again beneath us, and the wide branches of the palm above our heads.

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"'Then at last we reached Kara, the city on the shore of the still blue sea from which the sun is rising. As we near the gate a shout goes up from the solitary watcher on the walls. Another and another take it up within the city. Now great throngs press forth to greet us. Some bear carpets, which they spread before our camels' feet, and all kneel down beside the way, while my master raises his hands and blesses them. We go on into the heat of the city, through the silent multitude that bow on either side.

"'Now we reach a mighty temple, whose roof is upheld by pillars of glistening white stone, round which twine winged serpents upholding the capitals in their mouths. Before it stand many white-robed priests, who also bow before him as their master, and lead him into a chamber where I serve him with fruit and with spring-water.

"'And now — and now——'

"I had stood before him almost in a trance, in which I saw or heard nothing but the slow, strange words that came to me. But now, as his voice died away, I saw that his face was of a livid grey, his eyes were strangely sunken, and his lips purple; yet I did not heed, but repeated impatiently:

"'And now — why do you stop?'

"'Have mercy!' he murmured. 'I cannot see what is coming—a black cloud—it hides—I cannot look!' and with a hoarse gasp he stopped.

"'Look; I command you to tell me what is coming now!' I cried sternly, renewing my passes. Then, holding his palms close against mine, forcing him on, although I knew that he was near death, and unless I made every effort to free him from his trance he would die. Slowly, with each word coming in laboured gasps, his lips parted again, but apparently some part of the vision had passed during the silence, for now he began:

"'He is kneeling in the inmost hall, before the great altar where the flame ever burns. I stand behind him with the fruits and spices, and the oil for the offering. He bends before the altar, his long, white beard touching the lowest step—ah!—I am filled with hate and envy. I put my burdens on the floor, and steal towards him——'

"'Go on—do you hear?—go on!' I cried, in a frenzy of fear lest he should die before I knew.

"'Then I draw the sacrificial knife from my girdle—then——' and with a sharp, broken cry he rose to his feet—stood staring before him a moment, with eyes of horror, though already glazed by death, and then fell forward upon the rug before the fire, crushing the violin, that still lay there, into a thousand pieces."

"I draw the sacrificial knife from my girdle."

At that moment the door of the great, bare room opened, and one of the keepers entered, and with a murmured apology to me, beckoned to my companion. He rose, bowed silently, and followed the man out of the room.

"Wilson informs me that No. 23 has been telling you his story," said Doctor S——, the head physician of the asylum, a few minutes later, as, my friends having transacted their business, we were all descending to the door, where the carriage for the train was waiting.

"Yes," I murmured, drawing a long breath as we reached the cool, outer air.

"A most peculiar case," the doctor continued reflectively. He was driven mad by the loss of a dear friend, and by the death from brain fever shortly afterwards of a lady whom he was very much interested in—the daughter of a well-known singer. He gave up his practice, left the country, and was not heard of for nearly twelve months.

"Last summer his friends here received intelligence that he had been found by some wandering Englishmen in a little Arab village called Karaji, on the western shore of the Persian Gulf, as mad as a March hare!

"They brought him down to Madras, and his friends had him conveyed here. He persists that he discovered the ruins of the lost city of Kara, and even penetrated into the secret 'holy of holies' of the great temple of the sun, where he found the 'master,' as he calls him, kneeling before the altar, with a dagger in his back, and near him, lying on the altar steps, his dead friend Luigi! Both the bodies, as he touched them, crumbled into dust. A strange mania, isn't it?" he ended with a laugh.

But, as I sat in the train, I could think of only one thing: was he mad, or had it all—— And then I, too, laughed at myself.

But it was the strangest New Year story that I had ever heard.

Henry W. Vrooman.
Andrew E. Watrous.

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THE PERIL OF THE DEEP.

I.

"RIGHT AWAY," proclaimed the clear tones of the guard, and with sonorous puffs the Liverpool express drew out of Euston Station.

Occupying a solitary first-class compartment in this train was a good-looking young man, who heaved a sigh of relief as the welcome whistle announced the time of departure.

He had contravened the bye-laws of the railway company outrageously, to procure for himself the privacy of a compartment, for he was not in the mood to endure the society of fellow-travellers, and he now had the leisure to meditate on matters which had hitherto been put aside for duties of more pressing moment.

So he was fairly on his way without interruption. What a period of trouble and anxiety he had undergone since—no matter what! He consulted his "Bradshaw" and a shipping list with eager scrutiny. Could he do it? These trains, he knew, ran punctually; and indeed there were no doubt several passengers going along with him who would also accompany him across the "herring pond." Yes, there was no doubt that the last tender would not cast off from Prince's Landing Stage until the company's agents had made sure that all the London passengers were safely aboard.

Nothing could be more fortunate, as it happened.

He had been able, by the merest chance—and a reckless expenditure in cab fares—to catch the Liverpool express, and before another day broke he would be running for Queenstown on the "Atlantic Greyhound," and in six days more he would be safe and unknown under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

What a fool he had been! Having settled down with a comfortable conviction that his route was made out and fixed, he was able to recall the dreadful events of the day.

A vision rose before his mental gaze of a field lit up by the weird light of a blustering March morning, and a still, prone figure lying by a stile.

But how was he to know that life was so easily taken? He had not thought. Many and many a time before, at school, at college, in town and gown rows, and still later, he had struck just such blows from the shoulder—and no light blows from a thirteen-stone man—without inflicting more than temporary damage. True, he ought to have remembered that his brother Guy was slight and delicate, and that striking him thus was like hitting a torpedo-boat with a sixteen-hundred pounder. But he saw crimson at the time, and with that red glare in his eyes he could not stay his hand.

So the blow went home, and Guy, fifth Baron Steyning, fell to the ground—dead. Yes, he had no room for doubt. There had been no flutter of the heart as he bent down, in an agony of remorse that swept away all passion, by the side of that silent form.

Why had they quarrelled on that blustering March morning? He had insisted on walking across the fields to the station, instead of driving down with his traps, and Guy would walk with him. It all began in fun, simply from Guy's innate love of teasing. But then Guy should have known that there were some things that should not be joked about, especially in the chill of early morning when tempers are not of the best; above all, that he would not stand jokes about Gwen. There was the limit, and it had been overstepped. And then, when Guy had said that his title and acres would more than balance his brother's more manly pretensions, the war of words had reached a head.

Poor Guy! His joke—after all it must have been a joke—had cost him dear. He was dead. And Geoffrey, what of him? Is he to succeed to the title and to the fortune? Alas, no. He will never take the rank of Lord Steyning. He is a murderer. So far from gaining benefit from the deed he is now a miserable fugitive from justice, striving to place the broad Atlantic between himself and his crime.

II.

GEOFFREY DURANT stood leaning against the railings of Prince's Landing Stage, surrounded by the usual busy crowd of voyagers and their friends, and the loafers and sightseers who are always to be found attending on the departure of a steamer.

The tender was rapidly approaching the wooden structure to pick up its last freight of passengers and baggage.

Geoffrey scarcely noticed the scene about him. He leant with his face turned seawards, and his eyes fixed on the black hull that must be his home for a week.

Then he thought of Gwen, and what she would think of her lover turned fratricide. Poor Gwen! She had been very fond of him, and now—now it was all over and done with.

He pictured her as she would be when she received the news of his crime and flight—her tall, graceful form bowed with shame and sorrow, her queenly head lowered from its usual proud pose, and the grey eyes dimmed with grief at the sin and disgrace of her lover.

Poor Gwen! His own eyes became misty, and a something uncomfortable rose in his throat. For a moment the black hull of the *Alabama* was blotted out from his vision, and it was not without an effort that he regained his customary self-control.

Suddenly, to his dismay, he caught sight of a familiar face—Dicky Temple of the 25th Dragoons—and worse still, Dicky saw him, too.

"Why, Jeff, old man, what on earth, or—er—elsewhere, are you doing here? Absconding with the family plate, or doing an elopement with the family diamonds? Going across, eh?"

Geoffrey smiled somewhat nervously.

"No, Dicky; not exactly that. Fact is, I'm going as far as Queensland with another Johnny, who's doing the whole business, and I'm waiting for the *Scrimmager* to take me on board."

"What! Going by the *Alabama*, and only as far as ould Oireland? No, my boy; that won't do. Too thin. Say now, what's your little game?"

"Fact, 'pon my word it's the absolute truth, I'm going with—with Smith, you know."

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"Oh, ah, yes, of course, that accounts for it. Well, old man, give my love to—to Smith, you know—by the way, which of him is it?—and say I'm sorry I can't come too. And you might ask him if he knows Ananias while you are about it, eh?"

Geoffrey cast an agonised glance at the tender which was looming up alongside. Dicky noticed this look, and with unusual tact made a move.

"Well, by-bye, Jeff."

Geoffrey wrung his friend's hand with more vehemence than is customary in society, and hurried away to join the throng going on board the *Scrimmager*.

Dicky waited until the last rope was let go and the little snorting machine was fairly under way. Then he turned with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"It's beyond me entirely," he muttered, gnawing his moustache. "Well, it's none of my business, I guess, but Jeff has fairly staggered me. What's come to him? Looks very like a mess of sorts. No, it's none of my business."

But all the same he adjourned to the telegraph office and sent a wire to Steyning Towers.

III.

MUCH to his relief Geoffrey Durant found that no one he knew was a passenger on the *Alabama*. With his six hundred and forty fellow-travellers he mixed but little, except in the ordinary amenities of the dining-saloon and the smoking-room. He had no desire to contract the intimacies which so frequently spring up in a six days' voyage, and which not seldom form the prelude of lifelong friendships.

Some of the first poignancy of his grief and remorse wore off under the healthy and briskening influence of the sharp sea air and the sense of rapid motion.

He managed to put away, as it were, for a time, his dreadful burden sufficiently to preserve an ordinary appearance before his fellow-passengers. The only noticeable feature about their taciturn, but not discourteous, companion was his habit of sleeping during the morning and pacing the deck during the night watches. Throughout the bitter cold of the March nights he would pace to and fro along the promenade deck, muffled up in cap and overcoat, and smoking cigars in what seemed like endless succession.

So time went on, and the constantly-maintained speed of the *Alabama* was rapidly bringing her within soundings. It was on a dark, clear, starlight night that Geoffrey learnt that they were approaching Sandy Hook. As is usual on the crack mail-steamers, an excellent look-out was kept.

With this careful watch, what suddenly happened was inexplicable. The *Alabama*, taking advantage of the clear, open atmosphere, was running at full speed—some eighteen knots per hour—and not a vessel was in the range of the seaman's vision, which must have extended five or six miles at the very least.

Geoffrey paused in one of his many pacings on the deck, standing near to the look-out. He heard a muffled shout from forward, and the man at his side repeated it. Then the fourth officer, perched above the wheel-house, suddenly called out to his superior:

"Do you see that light on the port-bow?"

"Yes, I see it," replied the first officer.

Geoffrey turned quickly to the point indicated, and saw the faint glimmer of a green light; then in what seemed a matter of seconds, his eyes, preternaturally quick of sight from much night promenading, saw looming up the sharply-defined outline of a three-masted schooner, apparently, as he was seaman enough to perceive, close-hauled on the port tack.

In these seconds, however, the first officer had done his best. He had ordered the helm hard-a-port, and the rattle of the steering-gear spoke to the promptness of the alteration of the course.

But collision was inevitable. The speed of the two vessels was too great and the alarm too sudden to avoid what was to come. The ghostly schooner arising, as it were, from nowhere, and disappearing into the blackness of the night, struck the mail steamer forward of the bridge, on the port-side, rebounding from the force of impact to strike another blow further along.

Geoffrey instinctively rushed to the side in time to see a red light drift astern as the last trace of the fated schooner faded out of sight.

IV.

THE *Alabama* swung round under the influence of her port-helm. In the meanwhile the first officer had stopped the engines and sent down for the captain, who quickly came on deck and superintended all subsequent actions.

So slight had been the shock of the double blows that no one at first thought that any damage had been done. The engines were set in motion again, and the steamer went to the eastward to see what had become of the schooner. But the closest scrutiny on the part of the officers, who scoured the horizon with their night-glasses, failed to detect any vessel. Stranger still, it is not known to this day what vessel it was that ran into the mail steamer.

During the fruitless search no needful precautions were neglected. It was reported to the captain that the steamer was badly holed, and that water was pouring into her through two huge gaps in the side, which, unfortunately, opened into separate compartments. The passengers were accordingly aroused, the shock of the collision not having had that effect, and the water-tight doors were closed below. One, however, leading from the coal-bunker to the stoke-hold, could not be closed, and the water poured in through this passage, sweeping with it a man who was engaged in shovelling coal, and severely injuring him. The inability to close this door was of the gravest consequences, as will be seen, for it practically opened three compartments of the ten, into which the vessel was sub-divided, to the inroad of the sea.

Day broke, and two steamers were sighted, one to the south, the other to the north of the crippled and doomed vessel. Signals of distress were made, but the flare-lights were apparently not seen, for the two strangers pursued their course.

In the meantime the vessel was settling down gradually by the head, and the end seemed to be not far off. The boats were therefore lowered and manned.

Shortly before one o'clock, more than eight and a half hours after the collision, the bows being quite under water, the stern of the *Alabama* tilted up slightly, while the escaping air made a sound like the exhaust of steam. More and more the stern rose, until the screw was right out of water, and then the once beautiful steamship glided down into the bed of the ocean. As she slowly and majestically disappeared great volumes of water were forced up over with a roar like thunder.

Then all was calm once more. The stately vessel lay

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on an even keel in twenty-two fathoms of water, as level as if she were floating in dock, with her three masts—the foremost snapped in the final plunge—standing about ten feet out of the water.

V.

Nothing could have been kinder than the action of the crew on board the *Elda*, which had picked up the shipwrecked passengers. Each vied with the other to show the greatest consideration for the people from the sunken vessel. Every man gave up his berth to the use of the rescued ladies, and no pains were spared to make one and all as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

For eight hours Geoffrey Durant had been working hard, calming men's fears and soothing women's distress, with a disinterested kindness of which he would have scarcely believed himself capable, and the constant strain had wearied him thoroughly.

So he sought a quiet nook as quickly as possible, where he could stretch himself at full length and snatch a little slumber, a little closing of the eyes in sleep.

How long he slept he could not say. He was roused by hearing a voice that he at once recognised, speaking in the well-known mocking tone.

"Have I found thee, O mine enemy?"

He started to his feet. It was the dusk of the evening, and he shivered with cold. He had been sleeping on deck, exposed to the sea-breeze in March, and was chilled to the bone.

His brother's voice repeated the question, and there, before him in the dim, shadowy half-darkness, stood the form that had haunted him for more than a week.

"Why do you trouble me?" he muttered querulously. "Am I to have no rest? Am I to be always haunted and shadowed—even before the daylight has faded out of the sky?"

The figure stood motionless.

"I cannot get away from you, I know," continued Geoffrey, still in the same wearied, heartbroken tone. "I know that for that horrible deed I shall always have you as a companion. What are you? Are you really poor Guy's wraith, poor Guy whom I struck down with that murderous force? God knows how it happened, and he would forgive."

"He would, indeed. He does."

Geoffrey laughed mirthlessly. It had come at last. He was mad. Ha! Ha! He knew it would come. Perhaps now he would get relief from this horrible visitor.

But the horrible visitor showed no signs of going. On the contrary, it stepped up to him, and gripped his hands in a clasp, not icy-cold as he expected, but warm and instinct with life and health.

"Jeff, old boy, you are ill. Forgive me for trying to frighten you. I didn't realise till now all that had happened and what it meant."

Geoffrey showed no surprise at this strange conduct on the part of the accusing spirit. He laughed feebly. Then something seemed to give way in his head, and he fell heavily to the deck.

* * * * *

Some weeks passed. Lord Steyning removed his brother from the *Elda*. He was suffering from a severe attack of brain fever.

Guy managed to get his patient into a quiet hotel in New York, and nursed him through all the illness with unremitting attention.

Skill and loving attention gained the day, and Geoffrey at last became conscious. His first lucid interval occurred when Guy was for a moment absent, and it was from the nurse that he learnt whose hand had always been ready to minister to his wants, whose presence had always seemed to bring a sense of calm and peace.

After the first excitement of the meeting Guy was able to explain how it was he had not died.

"Now, keep perfectly quiet, my dear boy, or I won't tell you a syllable. When you sent me over like a shot rabbit—you really must be more careful how you let out in future!—I lay there, I suppose, for quite an hour. You knocked me clean out of time; then, like the conceited booby you are, you concluded that the might of your ponderous fist had done for me, and you made tracks. Jones awaited you at the station with John, and you told him you shouldn't take him with you, which was strange, as he had come away with the intention of going with you up to town.

"Then John asked if I should want to drive back, and you started and said that I had been taken ill on the road and gone home. You are not half a good sort of liar, Jeff; in fact, you're a miserable failure You aroused Jones' suspicions, and he walked back across the fields, finding me *en route* lying full length by the stile. Luckily he had your flask in his pocket, and a dose brought me to. Then we walked slowly home to the Towers without saying a word, and there I solemnly gave Jones a fiver—he's your man, so I'll debit you with that amount. He understood. He's a perfect model of discretion, is Jones.

"Luckily the lump was hidden from prying questions by my hair. In the meantime I wondered what you would do. Then came a wire from Dicky Temple, saying you were going by the *Alabama*. In a moment a divine inspiration showed me you were doing a scoot, and my fertile brain guessed the reason. What did I do? Why, that night Jones bundled my traps together and lent me a hundred pounds on note of hand only—as I couldn't get enough ready together without cashing a cheque.

"I rushed up to town, had a consultation, and, like a fool, forgetting that I could wire to you on arrival, set off on a wild goose chase from Southampton by the *Elda* to try and catch you, and tell you my skull was thicker than you imagined. What a particular kind of fool I was you may guess from that resolve. If the *Alabama* hadn't providentially gone wrong, I doubt if I should ever have seen you, because, though we started nearly at the same time, within about ten hours, you had fairly the heels of me. But you lost time on the road, so I hear, while we had a good run. Fancy catching up the *Alabama* in an old German tub!"

Guy went rattling on in this fashion, apparently not noticing Geoffrey, who in his weakness was lying still, with big tears slowly trickling down his thin face. Geoffrey could not trust himself to speak; but presently he stretched out a hand and feebly clasped his brother's.

Guy still studiously avoided seeing the other's emotion, and after returning the hand-pressure, he jumped up and said:

"Well, I mustn't jaw any more. The doctor said I mustn't see you for more than five minutes, else you wouldn't be able to go back with me in the *Umbria* to-morrow week 'tew hum,' as they say here, and Gwen."

And he left the room somewhat hastily.

G. F. Bird.

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The Summer Girl.

"WILL you be my summer girl?" he asked, as she sat on the rail in front of him, her sailor hat aslant of her rippling locks and her pretty little feet swinging in front of her.

"Do you want me to be?" she asked.

"Do I want you to be! Yes, assuredly I want you to be."

"And what will you do for me if I am your summer girl?"

"Everything. I'll dance attendance; I'll be your slave. I will feed you with chocolates, and ice-cream, and——"

"I will be your summer girl," and she held out her little brown hand.

"Thank you; you're very kind, and I'm delighted!"

"But, tell me, what does being a summer girl consist of?"

"Why, the most delightful, unfettered companionship—nothing serious on either side—no promises—no false hopes—just a sort of mutual attention, don't you know."

"That suits me perfectly—yes, I'll be your summer girl."

And that was the way it began. No other girl came in for a particle of his attention. It was all reserved for the little airy sprite with the curly hair and freckled nose. And what a summer girl she made to be sure! How she tripped through green fields with him, picking wild flowers and singing her merry songs. How she pulled away at the oars of the little cedar boat, with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, calling upon him to watch the rounded muscle as it swelled in her pretty arms!

But if these things were attractive, how infinitely more attractive was the easy way she fell into calling him "Harry," and the pleasant little familiarity with which she treated him! It was not a sisterly familiarity exactly, not a friendly one, and not the familiarity of one jolly good fellow for another, yet it smacked of all three, with a little touch of sentiment thrown in, and a gloss off-handedness to tone it down.

The young man was captivated, and as he looked about him at the other girls with their Parisian gowns and carefully studied smiles and glances, he fell to blessing Dame Fortune for pointing out this special one to him.

And then her name—Kitty! Could anything be more refreshing than a girl named Kitty? Especially when she was quite as frisky and graceful and as fun-loving and tricky, and as altogether entertaining as that same little puff-ball which the name implies.

"You are an ideal summer-girl," he said to her one evening in the moonlight—"absolutely ideal."

"Thank you," she returned demurely, "I am glad I suit your majesty."

"You're not glad. You don't care a bit!"

She laughed merrily.

"What does that make me out?" she asked.

"Oh! only a summer girl," he responded.

"When the summer's over, I suppose you will just pack me away in camphor, and put me on a shelf together with your other summer things. Won't you?" she went on.

"I suppose so," he returned, "you're a bit light and airy for winter, you know."

The summer girl tossed her head.

"Yes, I suppose I am," she admitted; "but, Harry, do you know——"

"Well, you little frisky puss, what is it? What do I know?"

"Nothing."

"Thank you," returned the young man calmly, "you're very frank."

"Oh! I beg your pardon! I didn't mean that. Of course you know something; but you don't know everything, I mean——"

"Ah! a compliment; but a modified one."

"Harry, all men are stupid; don't you think so?"

"Well, really, Kitty, that is a question I don't quite like to answer. I'm a man, you know."

"Yes. I know."

"Well, what is it? What do you wish to imply?"

"Don't you think men sometimes eat the paper bag and throw away the hot-house grapes?"

Unfortunately, summer days cannot go on for ever, and towards the end of August there comes a chilling breeze across the waves, which shrivels up summer things, and makes one begin to think of heavier flannels and felt hats.

The young man didn't want to think of such prosaic things, but he was obliged to. He didn't think of them altogether, though, for there was that same little airy sprite to engross him. The cool weather had taken some of the tan off, and he missed a freckle or two here and there, but she was as charming as ever. As charming as ever, did I say? More charming! A thousand times more charming, and the young man's sentiments had changed. He had passed through the chummy stage, the brotherly stage, even the cousinly stage, and he had now reached a point where all feeling of relationship ceases, and where the desire for relationship begins.

The little sprite was going home. The rolling waves would resound no longer to the music of her voice.

"Kitty, don't let it be good-bye! Don't say it's all over. I love you, Kitty. You're not only a summer girl, are you?"

"But, Harry, you only asked me to be a summer girl."

"I know, dear, but now I ask you to be something else."

The sprite sighed and shook her head.

"Too late, old fellow!" she murmured, "too late! Jack Hilton asked me to be his all-the-year-round girl, and I have consented. You've had what you asked for, Harry!"

V. N. LEEDS.

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A Dance with Death

THERE had gathered on the deck an oddly sociable group of strangers whom the voyage had united in seeming intimacy. Their knowledge of each other had begun on the day of sailing and would probably end on the day of arrival; but, in the meantime, chance forced upon them a superficial friendship, a brief acquaintance between port and port.

It was night on the ocean, and perhaps it was the immensity of the round, uncontested province of darkness and the monotonous sound of the heavy waves that inspired the minds of the little company with a sense of mystery, and caused their thoughts to wander forth into the obscure realm of the supernatural. Some one had just told a ghost story.

"I love to have my blood run cold, don't you?" said a very young girl confidently to her neighbour; "it is so nice and creepy to listen to such things."

"Oh, they are well enough," he replied, "but nobody believes them."

"It is a thankless task telling ghost-stories," said the *raconteur* laughing; "one never gets anything but scorn and suspicion for one's pains. It is the only kind of literary effort in which imagination is forbidden. Now I cannot promise that my tale is true, but I insist that it is just as good as if it were."

"I would never tell a story of that kind unless it were true," said a pale, dark-eyed girl from the depths of manifold wraps and cushions.

The conversation drifted on, and the man returned to his silent meditation, apparently unconscious that the girl's eyes were regarding him with a longing curiosity.

"I might tell you all a story," he said suddenly, waking up from his absorption; "only I have never told it before, and I am not sure that you will find it interesting. It is true, but, like most true stories, it is only a fragment, and there are gaps in it which must be filled by guess-work."

"He is an old hand," whispered one of the party.

The very young girl declared delightfully to her boy companion that she was going to make herself believe every word of it, and all settled down to silence. The man pulled his rug up and his cap down, and, looking out upon the mighty darkness that surrounded the tossing, vibrant ship, began:

"One evening, towards the end of the London season, I was dressing for dinner in my room at the Métropole. I was somewhat hurried and preoccupied, but I soon became aware that an animated conversation was going on in the adjoining room. The words did not reach me, but there was something in the voices of the speakers that gave me an uncomfortable sense of assisting at a painful crisis.

"'Some one's having a bad time of it,' I said to myself lightly, feeling however, a kind of selfish resentment at the intrusion upon my notice of this small portion of humanity's suffering. The voices of both speakers were young, but formed an odd contrast. The woman's contralto was musical and changeful, while the man's heavy bass was an inflexible, untrained instrument.

"When he spoke, it was in short abrupt sentences. He seemed to have little to answer to her eager discourse, now gently persuasive, now in a tone of stern menace. Her voice was low, never raised in vulgar emphasis, but it was singularly expressive of her emotions. The first words that came to my ear were his, in a tone of sullen, dogged resistance:

"'But I tell you it is all over.'

"She answered very calmly and so slowly that I heard even her pretty foreign accent:

"'You do not mean that. You are a boy. All is not over with a word.'

"What came next I did not hear. She went on more rapidly, from time to time eliciting from her companion a gruff, determined phrase. After a little while the dialogue again became audible to me:

"'I wonder you are not afraid of me. You do not even dream of my power. And yet I have told you a hundred times that I am not like you; I have other senses, other knowledge. I belong to a nation that lives near to the sun. I know the secret of life; I can go and I can return. You are too daring; you had best beware.'

"'Oh, drop all that,' he said, with a slightly scornful, but not ill-natured laugh. 'It won't work with me. Upon my soul, you are a nice little thing, and I would keep you if I could; but don't you see——' and his voice sank into an argumentative strain.

"She made no answer; but I heard her say, as though speaking to herself: 'How did it happen that I should fall in love with such a stupid Englishman—blunt, dull, blind, deaf. It is inconceivable. So utterly inferior, and yet—a god.'

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"She paced the room with quick steps.

"The conversation when resumed was carried on in low tones; for a time I did not distinguish the words.

"At last the man said, with unmistakable affection:

"'Aren't you going to say good-bye to me?'

"'Of course, if you wish,' she replied. 'I forgot you do not expect to see me again.'

"As I stepped out into the hall, the door next mine opened and a young man came out. He was between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age—a tall, straight-featured Englishman. He gave a sigh of relief as he closed the door behind him.

"I had been invited to dinner, and when I arrived at my host's, the other men were already assembled. Only one came later than I, it was the handsome young Englishman I had seen in the hotel corridor. Dinner was served in a large room that opened out with bow-windows on a terrace. The night was warm and the windows were flung wide to admit the breeze from the garden. About two courses had been served, when——

"Across the terrace, lighted by the pure rays of the moon, there passed, with a gliding movement, the figure of a woman, dressed in a robe of gauze, confined about the body by a heavy, jewelled girdle. We who sat opposite the windows turned instinctively to our host for an explanation of the lovely vision, but the face of the man at the end of the table wore an expression of perplexed surprise. Before we had time for comment the figure reappeared.

"'It is Egyptia, the Eastern dancer!' exclaimed some one.

"Without, on the marble terrace, stood the graceful dancer, light as a butterfly just poised; within the brilliantly lit room was a startled, bewildered company. Some of the men had risen from their chairs, some were leaning forward on the table; our host had walked a few paces towards the window. We looked at each other questioningly, and suddenly the true nature of the vision flashed upon us. An indescribable sensation convinced us that the woman was not flesh and blood.

"A few muttered exclamations were heard, then there was absolute silence, and the eyes of all were fixed upon the garden with a painful intensity. The dancer stood still but for a minute. Bowing to the pale, attentive group within the room, she commenced to move her limbs and body with a peculiar, swaying motion, thoroughly Eastern in character. She held in one hand a champagne-glass of Venetian ware, and to drink some liquid from it seemed to be the *motif* of her dance.

"With a quick, tripping step, she whirled round and round, drinking apparently with the gayest intoxication. Her gauze skirts flew about her lithe form, the jewels at her waist and on her sandals sparkled, her arms gleamed whitely, and the quickness of her motion blew a confusion of dark hair across her face and breast. The climax of the dance was the drinking of the liquid, and, as she raised the glass to her lips, her eyes flashed at us a sudden glance, so direct and significant that several of the men caught their breath and started involuntarily.

"She threw her head back, and seemed to drain the glass of the last drop. Then, still with graceful, rhythmic movements, she went through an awful pantomime, clutching her throat and swaying to and fro as though convulsed with the death agony.

"Changing again abruptly, the dancer threw herself into a merry whirl, and, with a disdainful, mocking fling and a wave of the hand, retreated from the terrace into the shadows of the garden. A white figure was still faintly visible, and it seemed to me she beckoned. My limbs were cold and stiff, but, with a kind of clumsy plunge, I stumbled out on to the terrace and across the grass. The gleaming wraith melted away. Before my eyes all was darkness. I thought I heard the words:

'All is now over,' and through the air came swiftly a champagne-glass. It broke into a thousand pieces as it touched the ground, and the quaintly twisted stem was all that remained. I picked it up and went back to the terrace, where host and guests were all standing with the exception of one man—the young man whom I had seen in the hotel. He was still sitting by the table, leaning back in his chair, his arms hanging beside him, his terrified eyes fixed upon the window. He looked at me as I entered, and without any conscious thought or purpose, I laid in his hand the bit of glass.

"'It has gone hard with you,' said some one to him, giving him some brandy.

"We were all terribly shaken. Some lingered by the windows, some walked restlessly about the room. Gradually composure returned.

"We seated ourselves at the table, and the business of dinner recommenced, enlivened by a disjointed, nervous conversation. In about a quarter of an hour a young cousin of our host dropped in. He had just come from the Imperial Music Hall, and could think of nothing but a scene he had witnessed there.

"'Uncommonly sad,' he said, not pausing for greetings; 'by Jove, I feel all broken up. I went down to see Egyptia, you know'—at the name the eyes of all present turned quickly upon the speaker—'a pretty girl, by Jove, a dancer.'

"He poured out some wine and went on, looking at our host: 'She brought out a new dance this evening—a champagne dance—whirled around drinking the stuff with all sorts of pretty flings and turns. Set the house just wild. She danced again for the encore, and just at the end she was taken with convulsions—heart failure, the doctors said. She died. Most shocking thing. By Jove, it was sad. So sudden you know.'

"One of the guests groaned and, rising, staggered from the room. Whether the Eastern who loved him tortured him further, I do not know. He died within a few weeks. I think it was poison she drank that evening, whirling about in mock gaiety. She was dancing consciously a wild dance with Death. She had threatened that she could go and could return, and I believe she knew that after death she would be able to reappear on earth. She was conscious that she possessed the power of making the elements serve the spirit."

"And why cannot all possess that power?" murmured the dark-eyed girl, and throwing her shawls impatiently aside, she walked to the edge of the deck and gazed into the black, fathomless water.

EMILY STONE.

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A Tale of a Dog

Translated from the French of Jean Aicard.

Yes, for a long time I reposed the most blind confidence in him. We loved each other dearly. He was such a dog as you see in the illustration below. His name was Ponto.

Ponto was enamoured of a certain wooden ball about the size of a billiard ball. In a moment of weakness I had purchased this one day and brought it home. Ponto immediately siezed it, rolled it towards me, and said: "Throw that over there in the rose bushes. I will find it. You see if I don't." So said, so done. The ball was thrown, and Ponto found it. But he became rather irksome with his desire to retrieve the ball, and soon his favourite remark to me was: "Play ball."

He had a fashion of coming into my study with a brisk air, wagging his tail, with the ball in his mouth. Then, placing his forepaws upon the table, he would put the precious ball in the middle of the papers, letters, and books, and say: "There is my ball. Now toss it out of the window, and I will go and get it. That will be very much more amusing than wasting your time on all these stupid papers and books."

I would frequently feign to hurl the ball from the window, and like a flash Ponto would disappear. A few minutes would pass before Ponto would reappear with his forepaws at the window and remark: "Hi, there, you man with the papers, I don't find anything here. The ball isn't in the garden. You must have kept it."

Then he would come in at the door, go sniffing about under the furniture and in the partly opened desk drawers, and then, with the air of a man who smites his forehead and discovers something, he would look inquiringly at you and say: "I will wager that it is on the table." He was right—with his intelligent eye he had followed your glance. If you attempted then to conceal the ball, there was no end of work. He burst into extravagant gaiety, jumped after the ball, followed your least movement, and would not leave you, laughing energetically with his tail.

Ponto made me sometimes think that he was one of those men turned into dogs, of whom we read in the fairy stories. His eye was deep, tender, and human, and at times it seemed to say: "What would you? I am only a four-footed beast, but I have a human heart—a better one than that of many men. I am a beast, and I have suffered much. I suffer still, because I cannot express myself in speech and tell you, in those things that you call words, my fidelity and devotion. Yes, I am yours, and I love you like a dog. Whatever belongs to you is secure. Just let anybody touch it, and you will see."

But Ponto and I fell out one day. It was a very unfortunate affair. Only those people who, like myself, believe blindly in dogs will understand me. This is what happened. The cook had killed two chickens, and had gone into the adjoining pantry to get a basket to put the feathers in as she plucked them. When she returned to the kitchen she uttered a shriek—one of the two chickens was gone. Yet she had been absent but a few moments.

"Ah," said the cook reflectively, "evidently some beggar has passed by here and has stolen one of the chickens through the window." She looked out of the door in order to find the supposititious beggar, but there was nobody there. Then, for a moment, she thought it must be the dog, but she was at once seized with remorse. "What! Suspect Ponto? Never. *He* would not steal. Why, he would watch over a leg of mutton all day, without touching it, even when he was perishing with hunger. Besides, he is there in the kitchen, sitting on his haunches, with his eyes partly closed, and occasionally yawning. He is not thinking of chickens."

The cook was so profoundly puzzled that she summoned her master, and I came. The melancholy affair was laid before me. I looked at Ponto. Ponto was sitting there, with a studied air of indifference, apparently half asleep. I called "Ponto!" He looked towards me, and lifted his heavy eyelids.

"Did you call me, master? I was only asleep. I was dreaming—I was dreaming of my ball."

Of his ball, eh? I became at once suspicious. This was evidently a pretext. But I said:

"I think Katherine, that you are right. The dog could not have stolen the chicken. If he had stolen it, he would be engaged now in plucking it somewhere in the garden."

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"But look at him—just look at him. He has not the air of a Christian dog."

"What?"

"I say that Ponto has not an honest air."

I turned and gazed at him. "Look at me, Ponto."

Ponto looked up, but his head drooped, and he grumbled: "Do you think that I would be hanging about here if I had stolen a chicken? Why, I'd be eating it."

But this remark did not divert my suspicions. On the contrary, it confirmed them. "Katherine," said I solemnly to the cook, "it is Ponto. Alas, it is Ponto!"

What I had seen in Ponto's eyes was terrible. I vow to you, reader, that I am most serious. I had distinctly seen there *an almost human lie.*

It is rather difficult to explain my meaning. Ponto wished to assume an appearance of sincerity *in his glance,* and he did not succeed, because that is impossible, even to a man. It is said by profound philosophers that in men the power of lying is confined to speech; that the power of throwing falsehood into a glance is possessed only by women.

Ponto exhausted himself in vain efforts to lie with his eyes. But this unsuccessful falsehood was even more incriminating than an avowal.

I looked fixedly at Ponto. "Here, Ponto," said I, "take this," and I offered him the second chicken, which Katherine had just finished plucking.

Ponto looked at me reflectively. "Hum," he said, "evidently you suspect me. Why do you give me a chicken *to-day?* You never gave me a whole chicken before." He took the chicken in his mouth and immediately deposited it on the floor at my feet, and, looking up into my eyes, he said: "You must think I am a fool."

Instinctively I said to myself: "Thief! Scoundrel! You have betrayed me. You are a perfidious dog. Your honest canine existence of loyalty has now come to an end, and you have been as false as if you were only a man." But, patting him on the back, I added aloud: "Good Ponto, honest Ponto, nice Ponto."

This dissimulation was rather too deep for Ponto. Urged on by the savoury smell of the chicken, he took it between his jaws and started to go. But, before he reached the door, he turned several times, and looked at me carefully, in order to see if he could fathom my thoughts. As soon as he had left the kitchen, I closed the door and began spying upon him through the blinds of the window. He went a few paces as if intending to devour his prey, and then stopped, placed his chicken on the ground, and thought deeply for a long time.

Several times he looked at the kitchen door with his false and treacherous eye. Then, giving up all attempts to seek an explanation satisfactory to his mind, he contented himself with the fact that he had the chicken, picked it up, and departed. As he disappeared in the distance, I could see that his sometimes timid tail, which has hesitated throughout our entire conversation, had again become bold and firm. Ponto's tail said: "Bah! I have both chickens. Nobody saw me take the first one. Hurrah!"

I stealthily followed him from afar, and I surprised him in the act of hastily scratching a hole in the ground with his powerful forepaws. The chicken that I had given him was lying on the ground, and in the hole which he was digging lay the other chicken. I was heartbroken. My friend Ponto retained the instincts of his remote ancestors, the foxes and the wolves, and buried his provisions. But, alas! being a domesticated animal, and having become the companion of mankind, he had learned to lie.

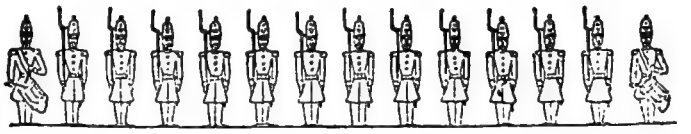
Under the eyes of the treacherous and now shame-faced Ponto, I made up a little package of the longer feathers of the two chickens, and I deposited this little feather-duster on my working-table. Whenever thereafter I was engaged at work and Ponto came to me bringing his ball, and said, with a light and easy air: "Come, come! Lay aside that rubbish and let us play at ball," I would invariably lift the little feather-duster. Then Ponto would drop his treacherous head. His tail would slink between his legs, while the ball would fall from his nerveless jaws. As he looked at me, he would say: "Is it possible that you are so ruthless, so unforgiving? Do you never pardon?"

Weeks passed, and I had not yet forgiven Ponto. But he was indefatigable in his attempts to win me over. So one morning, when he came to me again, and when I seized the little feather duster and poor Ponto was about to withdraw.

"Look, Ponto," quoth I, "look upon this for the last time. Thus perishes the only token of your fault," and I hurled the feather duster into the fire.

Ponto carefully watched the feather duster burn. Then, without any hysteric manifestations of joy, without leaps or skips, but nobly, simply, with dignity, he came and proffered his paw. The crime was forgotten. We were friends again.

Ponto was glad that he had been forgiven. But he was not nearly so glad as I was myself that I had forgiven him.



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THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

I MET him yesterday. He has attained name and fame and fortune. He didn't remember me, and I'm glad he didn't. He has done some remarkable work, and he has "succeeded." Yesterday I had the chance of shaking hands with the great man.

I did not shake hands with him; the fact is, I couldn't. There are some people you can't shake hands with, you know; there are some sins impossible to forgive—some crimes so base that neither time nor repentance can ever blot them out. When I saw his photograph I said to myself: "I've seen that face somewhere;" and when I saw him it all came back to me.

It was in 186— I am not going to give you the exact year—I had shipped as an able-bodied seaman on board the—let us say—*Columbia*. The *Columbia* was a man o' war, and belonged to the Federal Navy; but there were one or two blockade-runners that still bothered us.

Among them was the notorious vessel, the *Harbinger*, and hitherto the *Harbinger* had succeeded in showing the ships of the Federal fleet a clean pair of heels. She had actually shot across our bows in a thick fog, into which she disappeared, and we fired three hurried shots at her with our great Dahlgren gun, one of which carried away her funnel.

I called her a blockade-runner just now, but we looked upon her as little better than a pirate. She began as a blockade-runner, but whenever she came across an unarmed United States vessel she sank or burned her, taking the crew prisoners, and then shoving them ashore in uncomfortable places. We knew that she was lying in hiding in one of the numerous bayous of the western coast of Florida, and it had been reported that her engines had broken down.

Of course, if we met her at sea a naval duel would take place, and either the *Columbia* or the *Harbinger* would have to go to the bottom. We knew perfectly well that Admiral Sykes, as he called himself, of the Confederate Navy, would never surrender. The reason was because at least a third of the crew consisted of deserters from the Federal army or navy, and had a price upon their heads, and, as my American shipmates put it, "had just got to be hanged."

We had searched inlet after inlet; the men were worn out with reconnoitring in boats and rowing for hours in the glaring sun, in the muddy inlets and silent bayous which were badly marked in the charts, and where the sounds could not be depended on. One-third of the crew was down with fever, and deaths occurred nearly every day. But we knew that the *Harbinger* had to be taken. If we could only find her, and if her engines were really broken down, she would fall a comparatively easy prey. Our chief fear was that she might be able to repair damages and slip out past us under cover of a thick night and recommence her depredations.

We had had three weeks of it. The night was thickish, and I was on duty on the maintop crosstree. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night. Ever and anon the light of the moon broke forth fitfully, only to disappear again between the driving clouds. There was a sort of Scotch mist which wetted one to the bone, and made me and the companion of my watch (there were a couple of us in the crosstree) actually suffer from the cold, though it was a summer night.

"Pard," said my shipmate to me, "what's that?"

We could see an indistinct something moving slowly through the mist towards the *Columbia*; we knew it was a boat of some sort by the slight phosphorescent trail it left upon the calm water. We guessed it must be a canoe, for the strokes were not synchronous. I hurried down and reported to the officer of the watch. When we had first sighted the canoe it must have been some half-mile off, and I need hardly say that it was absolutely invisible from the deck. But the officer of the watch came up into the top, and it was plain enough that the advancing object was a canoe paddled by a single man; and then he raised a rifle to his shoulder, and let fly over the man's head. He didn't mean to hit him, you know—only to frighten him.

"For goodness' sake don't shoot!" shouted the man, and he lighted a pine-knot and held it high above his head. "I've come to surrender."

The officer ordered him to come aboard and report himself. We flung him a rope, and he clambered up the side.

A "mean white" evidently. He had on a pair of old tattered trousers, black with dirt and grime and grease, and a blue canvas shirt in the same condition, almost in rags. He bore the look of a hunted man, and he seemed half starved; his face was decorated with the most tremendous pair of black eyes I ever saw in my life—the lids were half closed—and the eyes themselves were bloodshot. Somebody had evidently been knocking the fellow about; as he turned slightly, I noticed that his shirt was red with blood. The man had evidently been flogged, but, though we could all tell that at a glance, none of us pitied him.

"Well, mister," said the officer, "what are you hanging about for? Are you a spy?"

"Worse than that," said the man. "I've come to surrender, and to split on my comrades yonder. I can tell you where the *Harbinger* is, if you'll make it worth my while. I was third stoker aboard of her."

"Put him in irons," said the officer coldly, "and set a sentry over him," and he turned on his heel.

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I didn't bother myself about the deserter—was too tired and too wet; and I turned into my hammock and slept like a top. When I came on deck the next morning there was the deserter, the man who had come to us in the canoe through the fog, with a pair of handcuffs, standing on the bridge conning the ship, a quartermaster, revolver in hand, by his side. By the bright light of the morning sun the man looked, if possible, uglier than ever. Somebody had given him an old jacket, which hid the signs of the flogging; but the fellow looked thoroughly miserable and thoroughly wicked.

We were running straight for one of the innumerable bayous. Suddenly a silent order was passed round to clear for action. It was a most puzzling order; there wasn't a sail in sight; but it was carried out rapidly enough, the discipline on board the *Columbia* being good. Our heavy guns were loaded and depressed, and every man was at his place.

Suddenly the word was passed round among the men that the Confederate war steamer, *Harbinger*, was in the bayou, and that there would probably be a no-quarter fight in a few minutes.

I was a volunteer, and, though I drew Uncle Sam's pay and Uncle Sam's rations, it was not for pay I fought, but for principle, and, I suppose I must add, glory—you see, I was only two-and-twenty. I began to feel that, if there was to be a hand-to-hand fight with the *Harbinger*, it would become a historical affair like the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* tussle; I should get to be a hero; and the hero profession was the particular business into which, at that period of my life, I most longed to go.

Presently we entered the bayou. There lay the *Harbinger*, a big pair of shears rigged over her engine-room, and a great crowd of men hauling away at something they were drawing up from it; so busy were they with the job that at first they didn't perceive our approach. That didn't last long, however; the fellows rushed to their quarters, and several of the officers hurried on to the bridge. The *Harbinger* was anchored, you know, and her furnace fires were out. As we ran within fifty yards of her stern, so as to rake her with gun after gun if needful, the bells in our engine-room ordered the engines to be reversed, and we almost ceased to move.

"If you don't surrender," shouted our commander to the Confederate captain, who stood upon the bridge, "I'll blow ye all into almighty blazes."

There were the three great Dahlgren guns; their shot would have passed right through the *Harbinger's* decks, and she certainly would have gone to the bottom five minutes afterwards.

"I guess I'll come down," said the Confederate chief. He was a brave man, but he knew that resistance was useless.

"Tell your chaps to throw down their arms and go forward," cried the old man, "or I'll sink ye at once!"

Admiral Sykes had to give the order; it wasn't a time for joking, and our boss would have carried out his threat. Slowly and sullenly the Confederate crew left their guns, and, flinging their weapons upon the deck, marched forward in a body. Then our boats were lowered, and we took the entire crew prisoners, and put a guard over them, of which I was one. I never saw such a tattered, starved, hungry-looking lot in all my life before. They were quiet enough, poor chaps, at first, till suddenly one of them espied the man who had betrayed them standing on our bridge, the quartermaster still by his side, revolver in hand; and then a great yell went up from the whole crowd of prisoners, officers and men.

They would have lynched him then and there if they could have got him. They shook their fists at him, they ground their teeth, they cursed and swore and called names; they'd have torn him into little pieces if they could only have got hold of him. And that chap had to stand by the quartermaster's side and face them. He looked dreadfully scared, and well he might. Those that cursed and swore loudest were naturally the five-and-thirty deserters that "had to be hanged."

Poor chaps! they knew who had fitted the rope round their necks. Sykes had had to surrender unconditionally, and every one of those five-and-thirty men *was* hanged, except a couple who jumped overboard and were comfortably drowned before we could manage to get the prisoners below and put the hatches on.

Judas had a certain amount of pluck—yes, it is impossible to deny his pluck. He just clenched his fists, and, though his fists were handcuffed, he stretched his arms out towards his old comrades, and gave them a fine long string of oaths. He'd a wonderful command of that sort of language, had Judas.

It was just this way. Judas had shipped as a stoker. He was an ambitious amateur; but he received high wages, which they didn't pay him; his rations were nominal and surprisingly irregular, being mostly pork and hominy; he got more kicks than ha'pence, and the morning of the day on which he deserted, Judas had had six dozen well laid on at the capstan-head. So he slipped off in the darkness in the canoe, and he betrayed his ship and his comrades—partly for money, partly for revenge.

Judas was an exceedingly clever fellow. He made out to the Admiralty people that he had shipped aboard the *Harbinger* with the intention of betraying her from the very first—from patriotic motives. Congress voted ten thousand dollars to Judas!

He took the ten thousand dollars, and he went out of the Iscariot business for good and all. He was a far-seeing man, too.

When the war came to an end (as it did soon afterwards) the patriots wanted to give him a public banquet in New York. But no, he wasn't grasping; he was contented with what he had! The authorities found out afterwards that the patriotism of Judas was all flapdoodle. He wasn't an American citizen at all, and his motives were dollars, not patriotism.

Then Judas disappeared. I met him, as I told you, the other day. We Americans are fond of hero-worship, and we generally accommodate our heroes with a pedestal of the tallest kind; but I couldn't well look upon Judas as a hero. I knew all about him before he had become famous. Things get forgotten, but I can't forget those thirty-five poor fellows, and my opinion is that Judas won't die in his bed.

J. W. WEARE.

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THE TREASURES OF THE WHITE GOD.

THE STORY OF A SHAMEFUL CRIME.

SUMMARY.

ROBERT LANE, escaped convict No. 407, *alias* Adrian Burgoyne is tracked to the World's Fair Grounds at Chicago. He is last seen, after an exciting chase by Mr. Inspector Grey and his assistant, Detective Dean, locked in a burning boat on the lake. Detective Dean finds a cipher in the convict's bed, which he sells to Mr. Richard Sheldon for £2,000. A Col. Lytle calls on Sheldon. They recall Burgoyne's history as follows: Ralph Ringold, when dying in Mexico, left a packet containing £6,000 in the hands of Burgoyne for his friend Richard Sheldon, whom he appointed guardian of his daughter Patrice's fortune. Burgoyne overheard Lytle and Sheldon arranging to appropriate the treasure, and threatened to expose them. They caused him to be convicted of a crime, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

They then discovered, when too late, that he had with him in cipher the secret to Ralf Ringold's hidden fortune and treasures in Mexico.

The cipher is now in their possession, but Patrice Ringold has the key.

Adrian Burgoyne escapes from the burning boat. He meets with a severe accident, which disfigures him beyond identity.

Richard Sheldon visits Patrice to obtain the key to the cipher. This, however, she had dropped the day before on the cliff, with her Bible. She hastens off to find it.

CHAPTER IX.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

"HELP!"

A cry—a woman's cry—frantic, terrified, broke the drowsy stillness of the calm afternoon.

It proceeded from a point where a rocky cliff rose up sheer fifty feet from the river's banks, and, as it was repeated in frenzied accents, the single visible auditor stepped into view just at the water's edge, and peered excitedly all about him—Adrian Burgoyne.

The clay that leaves the digger's shovel an uncouth mass, that is pressed into shape by the expert moulder, that is purified by water, solidified by fire, glazed and burnished to perfection, goes through no more rigorous and transmogrifying operation than had the man who, now stepping into view, would not have shown a single vestige of his old self to the keenest gaze of his most familiar friend.

Convict 407 had been transformed. The lines, the texture of his complexion had undergone a radical change. The singed eyebrows and lashes aided the sudden alteration in the bronzed face, and new attire had enabled the refugee to stand boldly before the world and defy the law to prove that he was the same man who had met his death penned in by flames to the hold of the old barge that lay a charred wreck in five fathoms of water.

The past was dead, and he was dead. Only the magnetic eyes, with their latent fire of courage and resolution, were a reminder of the old Adrian Burgoyne. The little mirror in the police-station had shown to him a marvellous revelation. He was past identification. He resembled an inhabitant of some far tropical clime. He was a new man, in face, in manner, in all but—memory!

The trifle of money he had about him had enabled Adrian Burgoyne to supplant his singed and tattered attire with a new garb. The certainty that he was hereafter safe from the law had spurred up his drooping energies. With the conviction came new thoughts, new impulses, new resolves. He need skulk, the hunted fugitive, no longer. Rehabilitated, he could boldly penetrate the by-ways of the great cities; he could jostle the very men who had been his gaolers for years; he dared lurk near to the lairs of those human harpies who had robbed him of his good name, who owed to him the terrible debt of injustice and oppression for the health, reputation, and happiness they had so ruthlessly wrecked.

A fair young girl, clinging to a frail bush.

Mighty thoughts had surged into his newly-awakened mind that afternoon as, passing through the quaint little village of Lynde, he paused to rest near the river.

Behind him was a blighted, broken past. He had not a friend in the world. He was homeless, penniless, an outcast.

One sentiment balanced and obscured the desolate emotion of loneliness—resentment. One firm, fierce, throbbing resolve welled up in his soul like a wave of uncontrollable energy—justice! Rioting in their unholy wealth, at the acme of power and luxury, those who had wronged him, jeered at right, juggled with the law, defied the weak efforts of their victims to unmask them, should suffer in turn.

Should such things be? Should he tamely submit to all he had endured, and allow the bold rogues to trample mercilessly on human hearts and human happiness?

His brows knit, his hands clenched; there had come into the face of the dreamer a look that told of firm, devouring resolution, of patience, courage, and grim endurance, when that wild cry cut the air like a knife.

"Help!"

He had gone through troubles enough to sour every kindly impulse, but the true, ingenuous instinct of manliness, the response of a soul keen to feel another's distress, sprang into being in a flash.

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Whence came the cry? Ah! there it was again—this time a terrified, despairing wail.

"From the cliff," he murmured quickly. "Someone is in trouble or peril."

There was a beaten path leading up from the river shore, winding, and far less perpendicular than the steep incline which, strewn with great jutting boulders, marked the face of the declivity.

Up this Adrian Burgoyne sped. He reached the cliff, and gazed excitedly about him. Then, with fixed glance and startled face, he viewed a picture tragic, thrilling, yet lined with all the finer shades of the beautiful.

A fair young girl, clinging to a frail bush ten feet down the side of the declivity, hung suspended in space in a situation of infinite peril.

There was a sheer descent for nearly thirty feet, terminating at ugly, sharp-pointed rocks, and beyond them the river, at that point shoreless as to level strand, and deep.

She had evidently stumbled and fallen over the cliff, and her weak hand-clasp on the bush was evinced by the slowly slipping fingers, the half-fainting poise of her form.

A graceful figure, a bonny face. Adrian Burgoyne had dreamed of such when, in his lonely prison cell, he had reflected how the delights of home were for ever shut out from his wrecked, dreary life. And the eyes! They met his own eagerly, trustingly; they melted in pitiful pleading into the very depths of his soul. They enchained him, and with a vivid magnetism seemed to send a mysterious flash of some forgotten sentiment of the past into his agitated mind.

The practical issues of the case, moreover, brought his energetic nature into prompt play.

"Courage!" he called down over the edge of the cliff. "Hold on as long as you can. I will soon have you safe."

How? The question was a serious one. There was no time to run for a rope to near houses. As Adrian Burgoyne's eye fell upon a great gnarled oak, about which trailed and looped a thick, heavy, wild vine, he sprang to its side.

Tearing, tugging, bending, breaking the lighter filaments of the vine, with quick strokes of his keen-bladed pocket knife severing the mother-stem, he soon had a section of the vine, some twenty feet in length, ready for use.

Supple as a rope, staunch as a cable, he attached one end to a stout sapling, and lowered the other over the cliff.

It trailed across the shoulders of the imperilled girl; it hovered round her limp form.

"Catch it; it will support you," breathed Burgoyne eagerly.

"I cannot—oh! I fear!"

The girl was well-nigh fainting with terror; her nerves, weak and trembling, refused to answer to the summons of her will.

Burgoyne saw that she might at any moment relax her hold of the bush. Certain serious injury, perhaps death on the rocks below, menaced her.

"Wait!" His tones were clear and mandatory as a trumpet note.

He trusted his weight to the swaying vine. He descended slowly, cautiously. He grazed the form of the girl; he caught her in a close embrace just as her lips grew white, a spasm crossed her face, and she was about to unclench her hand and abandon hope.

His breath came hard as, for a moment, he clung with one hand, and tried to infuse courage into her timid soul.

"Cling to me, I beseech you!" he panted. "I cannot climb with one hand; the double strain may break the vine. Both arms about my neck! Hold firm—that is it! Courage! We shall soon reach the top."

Her face swept his own. He thrilled at the tender, confiding contact of her soft, white arms. Her breath crossed his flushed, eager face like a new revelation; her eyes meeting his, there flashed from the depths of his own a new life.

He caught her in a close embrace.

Pure as the touch of an angel's, her clinging embrace gave him renewed courage and hope. Dissipating the blight, the grief, the humiliation of the hideous prison, his soul, meeting her own, robbed of earthly taint, seemed to recognise an affinity, a spirituality in nature that his sorrow had obscured through the long, torturing years of penal servitude.

Slowly, with difficulty, he began the toilsome, perilous ascent. Hampered by her weight, the hard, ridged vine cutting his hands till the blood came, he gained an inch, a foot at a time in upward progress.

"Safe! Catch at that bush. Pull yourself over the edge. Ah, I knew we should reach it. Thank Heaven, you are safe!"

Her winsome eyes flooded his soul with a thrill of exquisite delight as she returned his devoted glance. She clambered to a secure place; she put forth her white, trembling hand to aid his progress over the edge.

"You have saved my life—you imperilled your own for me—my friend, my deliverer!"

"What has happened?"

A rude voice caused her to turn. At the same instant Adrian Burgoyne, peering upward, caught sight of the face of the speaker.

With a gasp full of the old horror that had haunted him so many bleak, barren years of his life, he recoiled.

Amazed, unnerved, at a sudden, an unexpected, an appalling meeting he forgot peril, surroundings, his changed personality—all, save that at the verge of a new paradise an emissary from the dominion of darkness had

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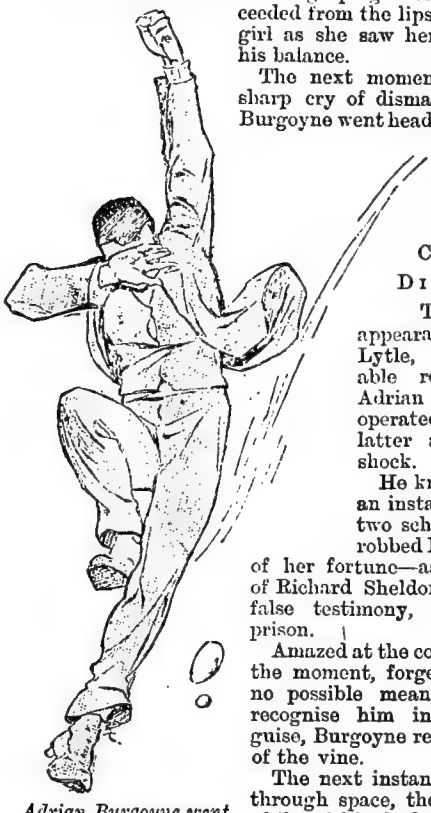
appeared to drive him back to the blight, the ruin, the disgrace of his broken past.

"That man Lytle! The fiend who sent me to prison—the man——"

A wild shriek drowned the gasping utterance. It proceeded from the lips of the rescued girl as she saw her deliverer lose his balance.

The next moment there was a sharp cry of dismay, and Adrian Burgoyne went headlong into space, down the side of the steep declivity.



Adrian Burgoyne went headlong into space.

CHAPTER X.

DISAPPEARED.

THE sudden appearance of Colonel Lytle, his unmistakable recognition by Adrian Burgoyne, had operated upon the latter as a decided shock.

He knew the man in an instant as one of the two schemers who had robbed Patrice Ringold of her fortune—as the emissary of Richard Sheldon, who had, by false testimony, sent him to prison.

Amazed at the confrontation for the moment, forgetting that by no possible means could Lytle recognise him in his changed guise, Burgoyne relaxed his hold of the vine.

The next instant he was flying through space, the agonised cry of the girl he had rescued ringing in his ears.

"Take care! Take care!"

Wavering over the edge of the cliff, fervidly stretching out her hands as if to save her brave deliverer, the girl bade fair to follow him in his swift descent.

The quick grasp of Lytle encircled her arm at a fortuitous moment, however. He dragged her back. Pale, gasping, her senses reeling, Patrice Ringold sank to the green sward, and pressed her trembling hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the picture of the terrible fate awaiting her rescuer on the cruel rocks below.

"Save him!" she wailed—"oh, save him! He risked his life for me!"

"Who?" demanded Lytle. "What does this mean? Speak, girl. Ah!"

Lytle ran to the edge of the bluff, as a vigorous splash sounded.

Then he peered downwards along the steep incline, past the scattered boulders and ridges, and at the very surface of the river where it swept the base of the cliff.

For three great circling eddies showed. It was easy to surmise a tragic ending to the episode of the hour.

"Lost his grip, slid, fell, rebounded! The rocks stunned, the water ended him. Yes, he must have sunk."

"Where is he?"

Panting the words, struggling to her feet, reeling to the side of Lytle, and clinging to his arm for support, Patrice viewed himself and the scene with stricken, frenzied eyes.

"There!" announced Lytle impressively, as he pointed a steady finger at the river.

"You do not mean——"

"Went down like a shot."

Patrice fell against a tree and swayed and rocked to and fro.

"So brave, so sacrificing. Oh, Colonel Lytle! he may come to the surface. Hasten, hasten below, and be ready to offer aid——"

"It is useless," returned Lytle gruffly. "Do you not see the eddies—the water in plain view? That splash announced the death of the man, whoever he was."

The girl uttered a hollow groan. He was her deliverer—that won her gratitude. His eyes had looked magnetic tenderness into her own, as no other man's had ever done—that would be a haunting memory, tangible and sorrowful as the last words of a plighted love.

"And who was he?" demanded Lytle abruptly, turning sharply upon the girl.

"I do not know," she murmured brokenly.

"A stranger?"

"Utterly so."

She sobbed forth the story of her accident, the details of the rescue.

"Why did you venture so near?" asked Lytle.

"You sent me. Do you not remember? I left my mother's little Bible containing the cipher alphabet here, just near the bushes there."

"Ah! And you found it?" cried Lytle eagerly.

He had temporarily forgotten the real mission of the girl, amid the excitement of the moment. Now all the old greed and covetousness flamed back into his sinister eyes.

"No," she murmured in a subdued tone.

"Surely——" he began.

"The wind of the storm last night must have swept it over the edge of the cliff," explained Patrice. "In trying to see I lost my balance."

Colonel Lytle's face grew white to the lips. An imprecation rent the air, fierce, disappointed, hissing.

"Confusion! If that is lost——" he muttered.

"It cannot be lost. No one would steal it. My name is in it. I tell you it must have been blown over the edge yonder."

His face an anxious void of uncertainty and dread, Lytle approached the cliff. He peered into every cranny of the rocks, he scanned the surface in every direction.

Then, almost roughly, he took Patrice by the arm.

"Come," he said peremptorily.

"Where?" She shrank at his touch, her indignant eyes resenting his mandatory bearing.

"Back to the cottage—to Mrs. Loring. That book *must* be found! It is vital, important. Find out where I can secure men, ropes, ladders, to scale the face of the cliff. You have not hidden it? You are sure that you never met the man who is drowned before?"

Patrice flushed scarlet.

Wavering over the edge of the cliff.

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"How dare you?" she panted—and then, the words recalling the victim of the river, she wailed forth: "Oh!

He peered into every cranny.

do not waste time about the book—send someone to see if my poor brave rescuer may not have come ashore further down the stream."

"I tell you he sank like a shot, girl," interrupted Lytle harshly.

Dusk had come ere he secured the assistance he desired. Leaving Patrice, pale and sobbing, in the charge of Mrs. Loring, with two farm labourers Lytle repaired to the cliff once more.

With the aid of lanterns they made a vigorous exploration. One man was lowered by ropes; every boulder, crevice, and ridge was inspected. They even lined the shores at the base of the cliff and beyond, in a boat.

In vain! The precious book and its coveted inclosure, the cipher key, were not to be found.

They had disappeared as thoroughly and mysteriously as had the brave rescuer of pretty Patrice Ringold.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE PAST.

THE splash at the foot of the cliff that had, to the mind of Colonel Lytle, announced the death of Patrice Ringold's deliverer, was not caused by Adrian Burgoyne.

Once relaxing his grasp of the wild vine, he had gone downward with a dangerous velocity, but, less than ten feet accomplished, a mere trifle checked his descent—a frantic clutch at the foliage growing sparsely along his course.

He had caught at a bunch of tough grass. It held for a second, then it gave way in his hand, but that momentary stoppage diverted his progress, and when he fell again it was to land against a little bunch of boulders. His head struck one of these, his body was caught at the top of a slight ridge, and there, sheltered from view from the cliffs overhead, he lay stunned and helpless.

His sudden halt had dislodged a stone. This, rolling down the declivity and striking the water, had caused the splash that Lytle had accredited to himself.

Two hours must have elapsed ere Burgoyne roused to consciousness. He sat up, confused and dismayed, as he considered his situation. The faint light of night—for dusk had long since fallen—enabled him to trace the impossibility of an upward climb; thickly strewn lay the perils menacing a downward slide.

The fall and the concussion had shocked him, that was all. As he reached forth his hand to pick up his hat where it had fallen, its clasp closed as well on a little object lying there.

"A book," he murmured curiously—"a book some one has dropped here. Ah! what is that?"

He mechanically thrust the little volume into his pocket, and his gaze centred on the cliff overhead, as voices sounded, and the glimmer of lanterns showed in its vicinity.

Rapid conversation, hurried orders, continual running to and fro, puzzled him for some moments. He was about to cry out for help, when, for the first time, a distinct intonation reached his ears:

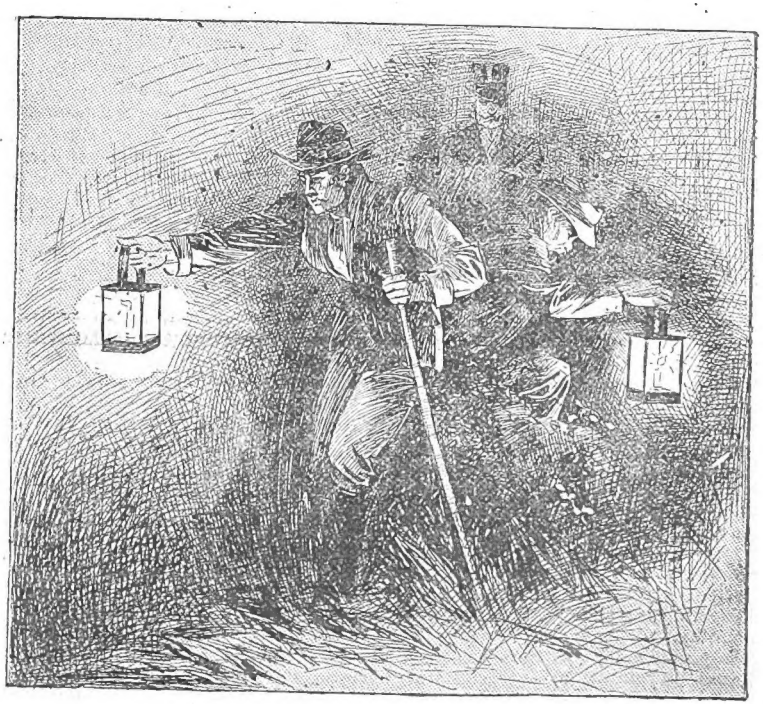
"One get below; I'll lower the rope. Draw it taut across the cliff. We'll stretch it criss-cross, and that will enable an inspection of the whole surface."

"Lytle!" ejaculated the startled Burgoyne.

Yes, the accents were indisputably those of the man whose unexpected appearance two hours previous had so nearly driven him to his death.

What did it mean? In his beleaguered situation the worst fears assailed the imperilled refugee. What could it mean, but that his enemies were once more upon his trail—that in some mysterious way Colonel Lytle had recognised, had shadowed him—that he was seeking for him now?

Every instinct of self-preservation took a keen alarm. The desperate and depressing conviction of the moment sent Burgoyne to his feet, poised in a reckless spring to the dark, gleaming waters below. Then he paused abruptly.



With the aid of lanterns they made a vigorous exploration.

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For a rope grazed him. Its coiled end, flung free from the cliff, curved across the ridge where he stood.

"Got it?" demanded a voice twenty feet above him.

"Aye, aye!" rang out the answering tones, forty feet below.

"Draw it taut and secure it."

With a wild start he read it.

A quick whip of the cable pressed Burgoyne close to the face of the cliff.

"All sound!" came from below.

"Get to the other side to catch the other rope then," came from overhead.

Burgoyne saw the man below leave the spot, the lantern he carried revealing his every movement.

He had tied the end of the rope to a tree at the edge of the cliff base.

A quick resolve come into his mind. He seized the first rope.

The next moment he was descending it, traversing the cliff in an oblique direction.

He landed just where the shore began to widen. Along the edge of the river he ran. There was no pursuit.

The relief of escape dispelled the alarm he had experienced. Then the reaction to injury and excitement drove him to seek rest. After traversing a lonely path for a mile or more, at the edge of a belt of timber he came to a high fence. A great sheltering pile of brush at hand offered seclusion and solitude. In ten minutes he was slumbering profoundly.

The genial sunbeams were filtering through a lace-work of stems and branches overhead when Adrian Burgoyne again awoke.

The events of the past day flitted through his mind with vivid distinctness of interest and warning. If, as he theorised, Lytle was seeking for him, he was not safe in this part of the country.

Impelled to hasten a departure, drowsy reverie held him enchained for some moments, as a flashing memory of the fair, bright creature whose life he had saved, came into his mind.

Who was she? Did Colonel Lytle know her? Why was it that he thrilled in every nerve as again her soft, clinging arms seemed to enfold him, and her breath, sweet as lilies, fanned his cheek?

Ah! not for him the memory! Banish it, drive it away! Love, home, happiness were the portion of those who knew not the prison cot, the clang of rusted locks, the mocking menace of iron bars!

A taint was upon him. He, the man who had herded with the basest of all humanity, to even dare to dream that the pure face, the tender, innocent heart of a guileless, beautiful girl could be aught to him but a bitter memory! A blazing sword drove him back. Convict, refugee—the joys of life were not for him!

He started to leave the spot, with a bitter, resentful sigh. Then he came to a sudden halt.

His hand, groping aimlessly in his pocket, had come in contact with the sole memento of the exploit of the cliff side—the little book he had found among the rocks.

He drew it forth and surveyed it curiously. It was damp from the rain, and the covers were out of shape.

"Holy Bible." He read the name with a stern, quick flash of his eyes.

And then the memory of a grey-haired mother gone to her rest, with a face glorified with the satisfaction of years of earnest Christian duty, his glance softened, his eyes grew humid. Reverently, with awe, he opened the sacred book.

"An omen for good—I will treasure it!" he murmured half-brokenly.

"*Because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away.*"

They were the first words that met his eyes. A promise—a revelation. Looking into the future in a swift glance of reverie, Adrian Burgoyne allowed the book to fall from his hand.

It came open at the fly-leaf. As he reached to recover it he noticed a name written there. With a wild start he read it—once, twice, and over again.

In a flash the truth came to his mind; in a twinkling he knew the identity of the girl he had saved from death.

For the words that danced in letters of fire before his bewildered yet comprehending gaze formed the name—

PATRICE RINGOLD.

(To be continued.)

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HIS LORDSHIP'S REHEARSAL.

Everybody has read about Lord Chesterfield's keen wit and polished manners. On returning from a drive, a few days before his death, he met a friend.

"Out taking the air, my lord?" said the friend.

"No, I am merely rehearsing my part in the funeral procession," was the response.

Rather a ghastly jest. We may do him the justice to believe it was forced and insincere. It is one thing to face death courageously, and quite another to speak of it flippantly.

Alluding to a recent illness, a lady living in Liverpool, and, I am happy to add, *now* well and hearty, says: "My relatives and friends thought I should never recover."

This gentle and womanly reference to the most serious of all earthly situations is conceived in a very different spirit from the silly remark attributed to Chesterfield. To these good people the events connected with the passage of a human being from the world were not like a play, which must be ostentatiously rehearsed in advance. No, it was a mysterious calamity, to be mentioned with lowered voices and bated breath.

The circumstances which led to this alarming crisis are best set forth in the lady's letter.

"In June, 1891," she says, "I had a severe attack of Influenza, which left me in a low, weak state. I had a poor appetite, and after eating had an awful pain at my chest, and a gnawing, sinking feeling, as if I was too weak to do anything. I had frequent attacks of giddiness and trembling of the limbs. I had great trouble in going up and down stairs, my breathing being so difficult, at times it almost stopped. I lost a deal of sleep at night, and became so weak that I could scarcely get about. One day whilst out in Wavertree Road I fell down and had much difficulty in reaching my home. I consulted a doctor, who said that I was suffering from debility, and should never be any better. My relatives and friends who saw my feeble state did not think I should ever be well again. I went into Staffordshire, and also to Morecambe, to see if change of air would help me, but nothing did any good. In this helpless state I lingered on until February of this year (1894). I determined to try a medicine that was recommended to me called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Warhurst, Chemist, Wavertree Road, and when I had taken half a bottle I found relief. My appetite improved, and the food agreed with me, and I could sleep better. I continued with the medicine, and gradually got stronger and stronger. I now feel well as ever, and can eat any kind of food, and go about as usual, for which I bless Mother Seigel's Syrup, but for it I should not be alive. You can make any use you like of this statement. (Signed) Lucy Wilson, 16, Thorburn Street, Wavertree Road, Liverpool, July 21st, 1894."

Thus in a few plain words she tells the substance of her story. But all she went through, and suffered, during the three years of her illness—*that* she does not tell. Why not? Because it is impossible. How could all her thoughts and feelings be so expressed in language that they should seem to you as they were experienced by her? No, my good friend, it may not be. We shall have to excuse her, as under the same conditions we should have to excuse you.

The leading facts, however, we can understand, and make profitable note of. There was the weakness, the pain at the chest, the sinking sensation, the giddiness, the trembling at the limbs, the difficult breathing, the loss of sleep, etc.—we can easily imagine what they mean. The doctor called all this debility, and in a crude sense he was right; but debility is not a disease; it is merely *one* of the results of a disease, just as darkness is a result of the withdrawal of light. Such talk is nought but surface talk, without depth or meaning.

Her disease was of the stomach—indigestion culminating in chronic dyspepsia. The attack of influenza in 1891 did not cause it, but was rather caused by it. The body, through lack of nourishment, failed and weakened more and more; and the end would soon have followed had not Mother Seigel's Syrup expelled the impurities from the blood and restored the digestion to its proper tone and power.

Thus, happily, the Dread Visitor was prevented from crossing the door-sill, and Mrs. Wilson lives, as she says, to "bless Mother Seigel and her wonderful medicine."

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